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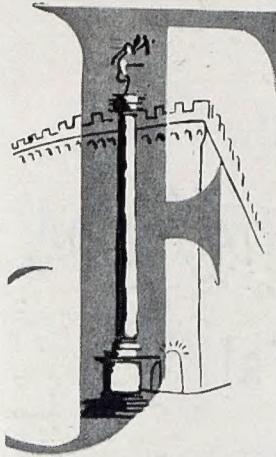
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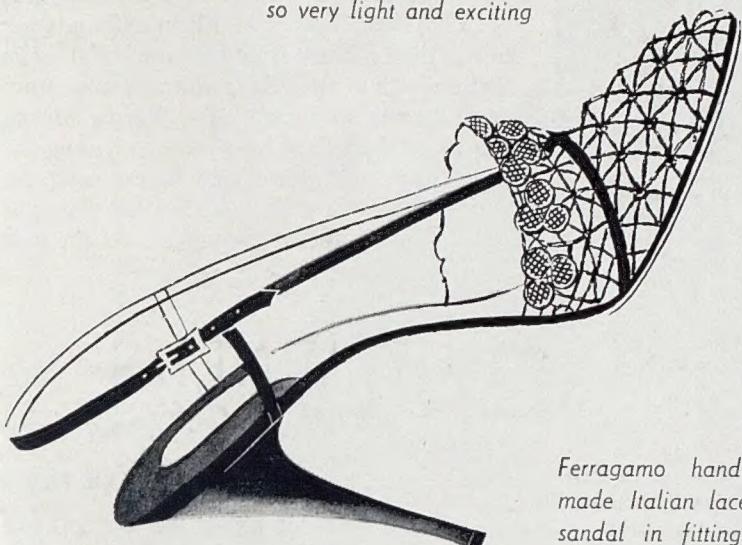
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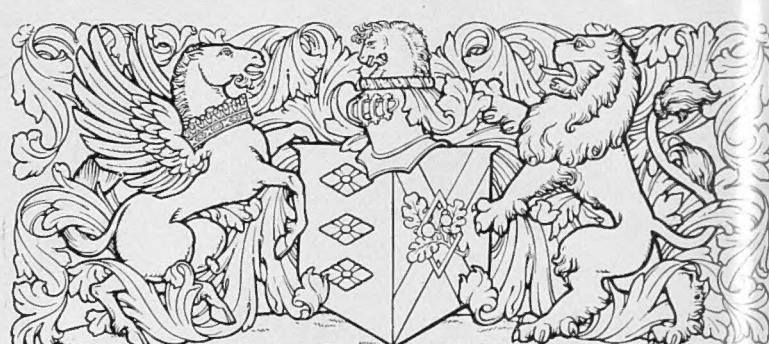
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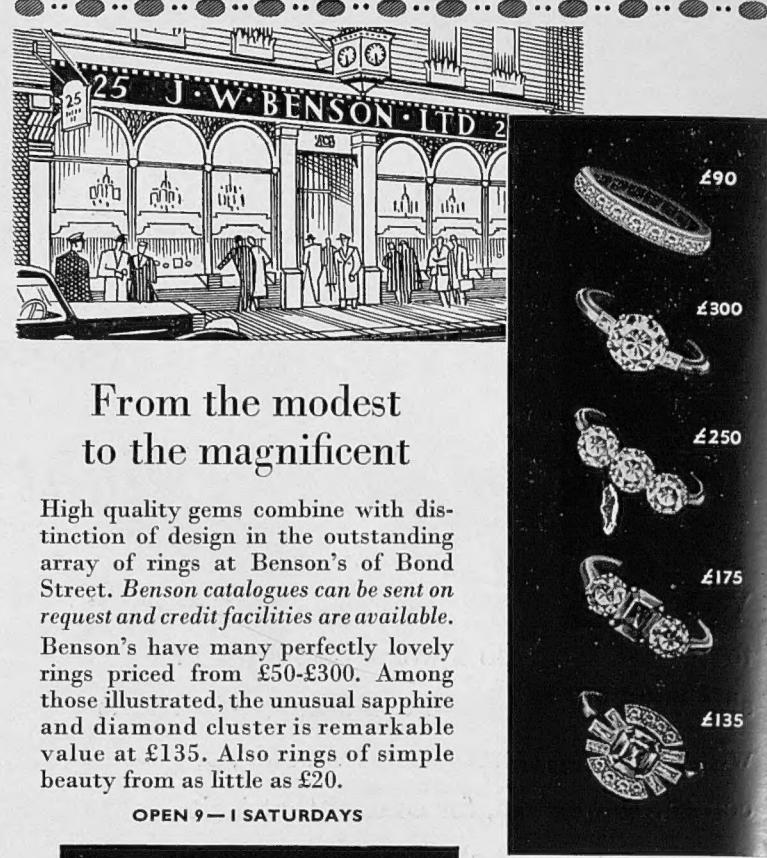


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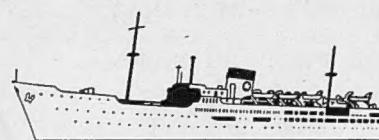
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A LAIRD OF PERTH AND HIS FAMILY

THE EARL OF CADOGAN, whose seat is Snaigow, Murthly, Perthshire, is seen here with his family. Now a prominent racing owner, the Earl served during the war in the Coldstream Guards and was awarded the M.C. With him are Lady Sarah Cadogan (left), who will make her début next year, Lady Caroline Cadogan, the Countess of Cadogan, formerly the Hon. Primrose Lilian Yarde-Buller, Viscount Chelsea, at present at Eton, and Lady Daphne Cadogan



On the staircase the Hon. Peter Vanneck and Mrs. Toby Horsford were looking at the dancers below



Seated on the floor listening to the piano recital were Miss Evadne Gibbs, Mr. Antony Pilkington, Miss Susan Wright and Miss Rosamond Scott

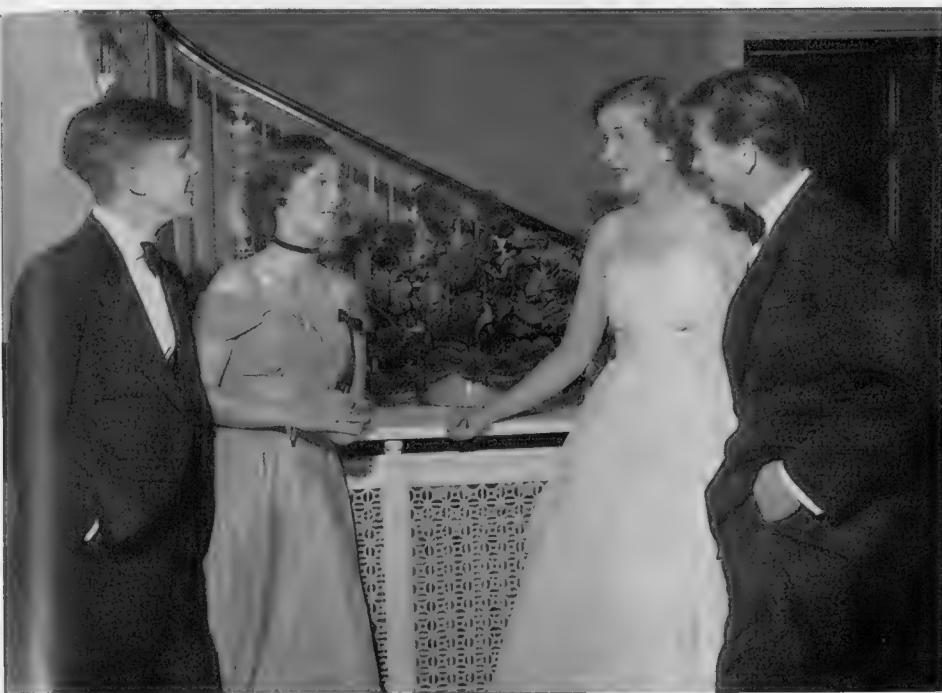
Suffolk County Danced At Heveningham Hall

THE Suffolk County Branch of the Victoria League held its annual ball at Heveningham Hall, the lovely eighteenth-century home of the Hon. Andrew and Mrs. Vanneck. During the course of the evening, an impromptu piano recital was given by Mr. Richard de Morya, and a raffle was organized for the unusual prize of an all-metal dinghy



Mr. and Mrs. John Wickham-Hall, who are on a two-year visit to England from Sydney, N.S.W.

The Hon. Andrew and Mrs. Vanneck entertained the Earl of Stradbroke, Lord Lieutenant of Suffolk and President of the County Branch of the Victoria League, and the Countess of Stradbroke



Chatting after they had left the dance floor were Mr. Jeremy Greenwood, Miss Mary Anne Long, Miss Moira Briscoe and Mr. William Long



Mr. and Mrs. T. D. J. Holderness (left) from New Zealand with Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Fry



Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Moss and Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Sawday enjoying a champagne supper



The Rev. A. C. Jarvis, Mrs. John Hadfield and Mr. and Mrs. Michael Harrison



William Vanneck demonstrated the merits of the dinghy before an interested audience, consisting of Lady Somerleyton, Lady Gooch, the Countess of Stradbroke, Col. J. R. L. Roberts and Mrs. Thelma de Chair

Van Hallan



Absorbed in the dancing, of which they were the judges, were Mr. Michael Noble, of Ardkindlass, Brig. H. J. D. Clark, M.C., Col. Malcolm of Poltalloch and Mr. Alastair MacLaren

OBAN GATHERING DREW THE CLANSMEN

TO Oban, lying across the water from the island of Mull, came clansmen from all parts of the Western Highlands to take part in the Highland Gathering. Traditional sports were pursued with enthusiasm and pipers and dancers gave a most stirring display



Lady Flavia Anderson, Mr. Charles Anderson, the Countess of Mansfield, the Earl of Mansfield and Sir Charles Maclean, Bt.



Watching the events with great interest were the Captain of Dunstaffnage, Mr. Ian Campbell, W.S., and his son Niall



Capt. A. F. Campbell, R.N., Mr. Ilay Campbell, Capt. M. Rio Ritchie, Adjutant of the 8th Argyll and Sutherlands, Mr. Alistair Campbell and Mr. Colin Campbell



Yevonde

MISS SARAH WIGNALL, one of the most charming of this year's débutantes, was given a dance in London by her stepmother, Mrs. Wignall, of Poulton Fields, Fairford, Cirencester. Her father is Lt.-Col. F. E. B. Wignall (ret.), of the Life Guards

Social Journal

Jennifer

The Harewood "Olympics"

I HAVE never seen H.R.H. the Princess Royal looking gayer, nor enjoying her part in any event more, than at the recent Three Day Horse Trials, for which she once again lent the vast park of Harewood House, her Yorkshire home. This has become one of the outstanding social events of the late summer. The Princess Royal, like her niece the Queen, has always been fond of horses and enjoyed riding since she was a child, and last year when she was approached by members of the British Horse Society to lend her park for a Three Day Event, she readily agreed.

Sir Victor Sassoon once again kindly lent the stud farm and stables which he rents from the Harewood estate, while tenant farmers of the estate, over whose land the courses were laid out, were delighted to co-operate.

Staying with the Princess Royal at Harewood House was her cousin the Duchess of Beaufort, who also rides well and perhaps knows more about three-day horse trials than most people, as she and the Duke of Beaufort lent the park of Badminton House, their Gloucestershire home, for the first of

these equestrian events six years ago. It was so great a success that Badminton has been held annually in April ever since, several times in the presence of the Queen, the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret.

Viscountess Boyne was staying at Harewood with her sister-in-law, as also were Brig. P. Bowden-Smith, Chief Steward at the Trials, Lt.-Col. Trevor Horn, who was a member of the Jury of Appeal, and the Princess Royal's younger son, the Hon. Gerald Lascelles, and his wife, who really take more interest in motor cars than horses.

THE 1952 Olympic Games at Helsinki proved that the influence of the British Horse Society and of Badminton had been of great value. The Harewood events were inaugurated last year as a further trial for potential Olympic competitors, over a course which is a most comprehensive test for both horse and rider. This year six members of the British team, from which will be chosen the team to defend our European Championship at Basle next month, competed at Harewood, but not for the prizes. All put up splendid performances, which is very promising for our chances in future international events.

As at Badminton, the first day of the Horse Trials was confined to dressage, at the end of which Miss P. Molteno from Fortingall, Perthshire, led the field on her bay mare Carmena. On the second day the big test of endurance and speed across country, for approximately seventeen miles, took place in a howling gale which added to the strain.

FIRST of the five sections was along roads and tracks for just over three miles, then two miles and a quarter over a steeplechase course which included part of the Bramham Moor Hunt's point-to-point course; another six miles over roads and tracks, followed by the gruelling cross-country course of just over four miles, and finally the run in, with the finish in the park in front of Harewood House.

There were thirty obstacles on this cross-country course, some of which looked very formidable. From "Razor Bank," which was a post and rails on top of a very steep drop, they went on to "The Quarries," which began with steps with right-angle turn, a steep slope down and sharp left over iron railings. Next came "The Garden," which meant jumping a row of cucumber frames and then

[Continued overleaf]



Major W. S. Brownlow, one of the guest judges, discussing the day's events with Mr. Martin Whiteley, and Miss Jane Morton

Jennifer's Social Journal (Contd.)

Lady Rider Won Chief Prize

a garden seat; from here competitors went on to "Dragon's Lair," which entailed jumping a cattle grid with a 6 ft. 6 in. spread, then a barrier into a tunnel under the road. Some way on, at jumps 25A and B, there was the "Sileage Pit," a tricky obstacle for a tired horse which had to clear a rail on to a bank, then a 4 ft. drop, up another bank and jump a post and rails out.

At the end of the second day, Miss Molteno and Carmen were still the leaders with 62.77 penalty points. Capt. W. J. Frisby, on Epijuine, who had only been placed fourth in the dressage test, picked up well in the cross-country and was placed second with 86.07 penalty points. Major J. N. D. Birtwistle, on his six-year-old Delagyle, who is a very promising novice, was third.

On the final day, after the show jumping event in which none of these three did a clear round, the placings remained the same, and Miss Molteno won the Harewood Three-Day Event Individual Championship, which is open to the world with a prize of £150, and the *Yorkshire Post's* fine silver gilt challenge cup which was presented to her by the Princess Royal, President of the Trials. The Princess was escorted into the ring by Mr. Reg Hindley, director of the Trials, who had worked extremely hard planning it all and making sure that these plans were carried out. The whole event was exceptionally well run and everyone I met was enthusiastic.

Others who gave much of their time to the organizing and running of a very successful occasion were Mr. Tony Leavey the deputy director, Mr. L. E. Snowden the hon. secretary, Brig. J. E. Swetenham, who was in charge of signals, and Mr. Bill Yates.

Besides the trials there were other competitions, including the Working Hunter Championship of Britain, judged by Lord Irwin and Lt.-Col. J. Hume Dudgeon, which was won by Major Frank Weldon on Kilbarry II, and numerous jumping competitions in which well-known international riders took part.

THREE was a juvenile open jumping competition, and a most exciting "invitation inter-hunt" children's team jumping competition for teams of four ponies not exceeding

14.2. There were five teams competing for this award which was finally won after a jump off by children of the Bramham Moor Hunt, outstanding among whom was tiny Miss G. M. Makin on the grey Bally-Doyle Prince who did two clear rounds. Juvenile members of the York and Ainsty Hunt were second and the Badsworth team third.

Among those watching were Col. Sir Henry Abel Smith, Enid Lady Chesterfield, Lady Ropner in a beautifully cut tweed suit with her young family, who were enjoying a picnic lunch on the final day, Sir Alfred and Lady Aykroyd, Major and Mrs. Philip Pease—he was officiating at one of the obstacles in the cross country trials—Sir William and Lady Worsley and their daughter Katharine, and Mr. and Mrs. John Howie and her father Mr. Steel, who were talking to Mr. Colin McAndrew, Master of the Zetland Hounds. I also met the Hon. Mrs. Kenneth Parkinson with her husband, who is Master of the Bramham Moor, and their family. Mr. Parkinson was watching the cross country trials from his horse and on the final day rode round the show ring with his hounds.

At the Quarry watching the cross country competitors I saw Mrs. Roger Ingham, whose husband was busy officially interviewing competitors as they finished. She was talking to Mr. Jock Yorke, Master of the Pendle Forest Harriers, who was riding a nice flea-bitten grey which had been admired by the Princess Royal earlier in the day. Watching Brig. Bolton jumping "the Pipes" on Redwing I met a great character of the Yorkshire hunting field, Mr. Gunner Welburn, who had been placed fifth in the Working Hunter Championship that morning. He has won eighty-five point to points, the last one, he told me, at the age of sixty-five, on Rolling River.

Many people enjoyed the hospitality of Lt.-Col. David Tetley and officers of the Yorkshire Hussars in their tent. Among the large number of guests taking tea in here were Lord and Lady Grimthorpe, Mrs. Scott Coburn and her father Major J. L. Ingham, Major Reggie Hanbury and Lady Feversham. Others I saw at these Horse Trials were Major and Mrs. "Pudding" Williams—the latter gave a demonstration of dressage on Pilgrim—Miss Ruth Williams with Mrs. Vickery, Lady Irwin, Miss Caroline York,



Master Rodney Clarke, a keen observer at the show, was here near the ring with Mrs. Fulton

THE BICESTER, for the third year running, held their popular horse show at Tusmore Park. Attendance was good, and this year a novel form of dog race drew many entries of all sizes and proved an entertaining part of the proceedings

Miss Diana Wainman, Miss Anthea Vaux, Miss Davina Walford, Mrs. Edward Lane-Fox and her daughter Felicity, Mr. Dick Fawcett who was most efficiently and dashingly driving officials round the course in his Land Rover, Mr. Gerald Usher who is agent at Harewood, Col. George Aykroyd, Master of the York and Ainsty (South), Mr. Osbert and Lady Joan Peake, Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Wombwell, and Major and Mrs. Wilfred Davies, who were sitting in the stand with Mrs. Greenwood.

On the first day visitors could also go round Harewood House and gardens. There are magnificent ceilings in most of the rooms and everywhere are fine specimens of Chippendale furniture.

On the second evening there was the "Three Day Event" Ball at the Old Swan Hotel in Harrogate. This is one of the best run and most comfortable hotels in the North of England, and for guests at the ball, a superb five-course dinner, beautifully cooked and quickly served, was provided. Many of those I have already mentioned came to the ball, and others included Mrs. Laurence Rook, who looked charming in black with a mink stole, with her husband and Major Satow, who had been officiating for the B.H.S., Major and Mrs. Percy Legard in a party with Mr. and Mrs. Bill Yates, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Smith, the latter in a patterned taffeta dress, and Mrs. J. Guinness whom earlier in the day I had seen jump Razor Edge extremely well on her novice James, on which she eventually finished sixth in the Three Day Trials. I saw, too, Mr. and Mrs. Alec Renton, Col. "Babe" Moseley dancing tirelessly all the evening, Mr. and Mrs. Jeremy Graham and Major Bill Fife who hunts the Bedale Hounds. He and his lovely wife were in a party with Major and Mrs. Roger Ingham, the latter in a grey tulle dress trimmed with white lace.

Lord Gisborough was there with his arm in a sling as the result of a motor accident, also Mrs. Nigel Fitzroy and her daughter Susan, who wore a beige dress dotted with gold, Mr. and Mrs. Hindley, Miss Katie Lyttell-Green with a party of young friends, Col. John Smith-Maxwell dancing with Mrs. Snowden, and Mr. Brooke Holiday dancing with Miss Pam Hirsch.

Photographs of the Three-Day Event and ball will be found on pp. 613-15.

★ ★ ★

As people return to London after the summer holidays, so the restaurants begin to fill up. Lunching at Claridge's, I found many friends, many looking surprisingly bronzed after a holiday by or on the sea. Mrs. Edward Barford, who spent a month down at Frinton with her husband and family, was looking wonderfully well. She was lunching with the Countess of Portsmouth, who was



Mr. Lionel Hamilton Renwick holding his miniature Pinscher. With him are Christabel Lady Ampthill and the Hon. Mary Rodd



Mr. and Mrs. J. Lane Fox and their daughter Jenny Fox had a grandstand view of the show from the bonnet of their Land Rover



*Michael Dunne
Miss Jane Drummond Hay, with her fiancé, Mr. Timothy Whiteley, who is shortly to take up the post of A.D.C. to Lord Llewelyn in Rhodesia*

very tanned from the sunshine of Kenya and Italy, where she now makes her home. The Countess's elder daughter, Lady Philippa Wallop, is making her début next season. Her stepson and his wife, Viscount and Viscountess Lymington, who have been spending a holiday in Spain, are, I hear, delighted at the arrival of a baby son and heir, who was born in Spain a few weeks ago.

Mr. Campbell Coriat, luching here on his way up to Yorkshire for the Harewood Three Day Event, in which he rode his good hunter Torloisk, was receiving congratulations on the birth of a son and heir, and told me his wife, only child of the late Sir Archibald and Lady Weigall, and the baby were both well at their home in Wiltshire. Lady Kent was at a table with Mrs. Charles Mills, while others I greeted that day included the Hon. Mrs. Leslie Gamage, Mr. Derek Hague, the Hon. Mrs. Burns, Mrs. Percy Brooksbank, over from France for a couple of weeks and staying at Claridges's, and Mrs. Charles Snelling very chic wearing a little cherry red velvet cap with a dark grey suit.

★ ★ ★

THAT evening I had a very delicious supper at the Four Hundred, where one always gets excellent food. This club, the rendezvous of England's top socialites, had just reopened after its summer "recess," and I found Rossi in great form after his holiday. It was full, and among the guests I saw Viscount and Viscountess Vaughan, the latter in black, with her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. William and the Hon. Mrs. Macauley, who were over from their home in Ireland. Lord and Lady Fairfax, who have been down at Bembridge for several weeks, were having supper *à deux* as were Brig. and Mrs. J. Le C. Fowle. Mrs. Walter Wilson was with a party including Col. Remington-Hobbs. She was staying at the Dorchester for a couple of weeks and enjoying seeing many English friends before flying back to New York where she has a magnificent apartment, and where she will be busy through the winter with the forthcoming Governor's election and several charity organizations in which she takes a very active interest.

The Hon. Arthur and Mrs. Corbett were in a party with Mr. and Mrs. David Wilkinson, and among the young people dancing were Miss Dawn Lawrence, Miss Susan Todd and Mr. Christopher Hartley, who had just returned from a most enjoyable and eventful cruise with

his sister and parents and a party of young friends in the new ship Arcadia in the Mediterranean.

★ ★ ★

I SPENT an hour looking at John Cavanagh's winter collection at his salon in Curzon Street, which like many other model houses is at the moment the meeting place each afternoon of many smart women busy choosing their winter clothes. Here I met Mrs. Gilbert Miller, very chic in black, who is always one of the best-dressed women on any occasion on either side of the Atlantic. Mrs. Charles Mills just back from Baden was there, also Mrs. Jean Garland who is busy choosing furnishings for her new house in Farm Street where she hopes to move this autumn. Lady Melchett, looking very well, was back from the Isle of Wight where

she has been with her children this summer, and Miss Eulalie Buckmaster was up from her home in Warwickshire. Her sister, Miss Beryl Buckmaster, who is joint-Master of the Warwickshire Hounds with Lord Bearsted and Major Stanley Cayzer, has already started cubbing and is looking forward to a good season.

ANOTHER afternoon I went to see Hardy Amies's collection at his fine showroom in Savile Row, once the home of Sheridan. This is a big collection of over fifty suits, overcoats, day and evening dresses, among which my personal choice would be a beautifully cut top coat in black Yorkshire wool ottoman called Fine Time, and the very useful black satin afternoon dress with long sleeves that went under it.

Among those who have been to see these clothes are Mary Duchess of Roxburgh, the Hon. Lady Baillie, Lady Pamela Berry, who is President of the Incorporated Society of London Fashion Designers, and always extremely well turned out, the Hon. Lady Lowson, Vivien Leigh, Viscountess Runciman and Lady Marks, who told me how much she and Sir Simon Marks had enjoyed their cruise on the yacht Radiant in the Mediterranean, when they visited Capri among many other fascinating places.

The following day I went to see Paquin and Worth's collections, which they show together in their Grosvenor Street salon. They again have big collections, ending with some exceptionally lovely full evening dresses for the "Grande Occasion." Ann Lady Orr-Lewis, who gets many of her clothes at Paquin, who also has a branch in Paris, was looking at the suits, and among others I met there were the Hon. Mrs. Leslie Gamage, Mrs. Towers Clark sitting with Mrs. Herman Andreae, and Lady (Ivor) Thomas.

★ ★ ★



MISS JENNIFER RENWICK, daughter of Sir Robert Renwick and Mrs. John Ormiston, who has recently announced her engagement to Mr. Antony Rowe, third son of the late Mr. G. D. Rowe and of Mrs. Rowe, of Heron's Court, Yateley, Hants.

NEWS I have heard from various parts of Scotland is that Prince Georg of Denmark and his wife, Princess Anne, went on after their visit to the Edinburgh Festival to stay with her mother, the Hon. Mrs. John Bowes-Lyon, at her grandfather Lord Clinton's home in Scotland, Fettercairn House, in Kincardineshire. Lord and Lady Belper have been spending a holiday at Torness near Fort William, and spending much time fishing on the River

[Continued overleaf]

Social Journal (Contd.)

A Visit To Tobermory

Lochy. Viscountess Gough is making a steady recovery from the serious accident she had at the end of last month when motoring from her home, Inshes House in Inverness-shire. Fortunately her young son, Viscount Gough, who was with her at the time, escaped injury.

There was a dance and other festivities at the end of last month at Dunlossit, on the island of Islay, to celebrate the coming-of-age of Mr. Bruno Schroder, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Helmut Schroder. He has recently returned from abroad where he has been studying languages since he finished his National Service with the Life Guards.

Later on and farther south a very enjoyable evening was the quite impromptu dance arranged by the Countess of Dundee at Birkhill, Cupar, Fife. Another small dance, also arranged on the spur of the moment, was one given by Lady Cochrane of Culst, who also lives near Cupar, at Crawford Priory. This was for her daughter, Miss Pamela Foster.

The Duke and Duchess of Argyll have had friends staying with them at Inveraray Castle. They have also been up to watch the diving operations taking place in Tobermory Bay to locate the sunken Spanish galleon which has been a source of speculation for many years. Other news from that county is that Lord and Lady Malise Graham are hoping to move into a new home in Argyllshire soon. They have recently bought Lochnall Castle overlooking Ardmucknish Bay from Sir David Baird.

The Russian Ambassador and Mme. Malik, I hear, thoroughly enjoyed their sightseeing trip to Scotland, during which they went to Edinburgh, where they visited the Castle and the Palace of Holyroodhouse. On their return journey they went to see Burns's birthplace.

★ ★ ★

HR.H. THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER has promised to be present at the première of the revival of Charles Chaplin's film *Modern Times* at the London Pavilion on October 7. The première is being given in aid of the National Association and London Union of Mixed Clubs and Girls' Clubs, and as this film is one of the best Chaplin has ever made, it is good news to hear that it is being revived. Baroness Ravensdale is chairman of the committee organizing the première, and among those helping her are Elizabeth Countess of Bandon, Mrs. Patrick Buchan-Hepburn, Mrs. Charles Frankland Moore, Mrs. Warren Pearl and Mr. Huntington Hartford. Tickets may be obtained from Baroness Ravensdale, 20a/140 Park Lane, W.1.

★ ★ ★

MARY DUCHESS OF ROXBURGH is President, and Lady Bird the Chairman, of a concert which Princess Margaret has promised to attend at the Royal Festival Hall on October 14. This is in aid of the Victoria League, and Sir Thomas Beecham will be conducting the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, while Colin Horsley will be the soloist. Tickets can be had from the Victoria League, 38 Chesham Place, S.W.1, or the Festival Hall box office.

★ ★ ★

MRS. ANTHONY EDEN is President and Lady Ogilvy the Chairman of the British-American Ball which is to take place at the Savoy on November 3. Mrs. Warren Pearl, who is an outstanding member of any committee she is on, is Vice-Chairman, and Viscount Furness Hon. Treasurer of the Ball, which is to raise funds for the British-American Associates, founded in 1931 to further British-American understanding and co-operation.

Mr. Herbert Agar and General Lord Ismay are joint Presidents of this Association, which is entirely supported by voluntary donations and subscriptions. Lady Ogilvy, 79 Davies Street, W.1, is in charge of ticket distribution.



R. Powell, Jnr., looks round at his rivals as he is about to pass the post at the Curragh course, Co. Kildare. Zarathustra is to run in the Prix de L'Arc de Triomphe at Longchamps next month

IRISH ST. LEGER WON BY LENGTH

ZARATHUSTRA, emulating the performance of Never Say Die, won both the Irish Derby in June and the Irish St. Leger recently, beating Arctic Way in the latter by a length, with Hidalgo third



The winner's owner, Mr. Terence J. Gray (right), discussing the meeting with Prince D'Ardia Caracciolo and Sir Ernest Davis-Goff, Bt., from Co. Waterford



Mrs. Dominick More O'Ferrall with her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Frank More O'Ferrall, who had come over from London for this meeting, one of the most popular in the Irish turf calendar



Mrs. O. Critchley, from Naas, Co. Kildare, was going over the list of entries for the day's big race with Miss Avia Daly, a prominent follower of the Kildare Foxhounds



The English owner, Mr. Jack Thursby, with the Countess of Dunraven, from Adare, Co. Limerick, and Mrs. Anne Biddle, an English visitor

Fennell

At The Races

ARRANGING A FALL

• Sabretache •

ALTHOUGH the sire of the Leger winner is lost to us in America, we still have a few horses whose progeny seems to attract the money to England. The good average of nearly 1,700 guineas realized at the Doncaster sales is enough guarantee to be going on with!

Nasrullah's son, Never Say Die, made a farce of the St. Leger, for nothing could get within long range of him once his jockey gave him the office. A win by twelve lengths tells its own story, and if we ever saw a Gold Cup winner I think we did in this case. Eventually he will go to his owner's stud in America but remains in training next season as the prizes awaiting him are too valuable to disregard.

A very learned person once made an apposite remark, and it was this: "If you must fall, let it happen with discretion." Excellent advice; but the trouble is that you do not always have a say in the matter! I expect Tacitus knew that! People who ride know very well that a fall is all in the day's work and take it as it comes, but there are some falls which never ought to happen and the murderous kind come into this category.

The horse as a weapon of cold-blooded slaughter does not happen very often, but he has been so used!

HERE are a couple of cases for anybody's crime notebook who may care to use them: (1) An opulent gent from somewhere towards the East had a supposed rival for the love of a lady that he was "cooing" and he was also the owner of an animal that was stone blind. Somehow or other he inveigled his rival into riding this animal in a gallop over some unpleasant obstacles in the hope, of course, of breaking his neck. The plot failed, because when the horse went bustle over hairpins at the first obstacle it broke its own neck and the intended victim only broke a finger! And case (2) having failed to bring off this murder he tried another trick. He got hold of a snaffle bridle belonging to his rival, one of those rotten things they used to put on racehorses which was almost as thin as a bit of wire, and filed it to breaking point.

THE consequence, of course, was that it snapped at an awkward moment when the owner was out in the middle of the racecourse watching the morning gallops. The animal went away bald-headed, and when it fell at the end of a perilous gallop for home, the jockey again was very lucky. There was less than four feet of space between a pillar box and a telegraph pole and he missed them both, but this time broke a collar bone!

The brightest intellects of the local C.I.D. failed to sheet home either of these attempted murders to the perpetrator. Suspicion was not enough, even though the file marks on the bit were plainly visible. The real joke was that the intended victim was not even entered for the contest for the lady's heart and hand, but our friend thought that he was, and so it really made no difference.

A quaint circumstance in connection with the second crime was that Rudyard Kipling's sister, Mrs. Fleming, who was married to a colonel in the R.A.M.C., had been doing a fortune-telling act at a local fete and the fellow who got these falls had been one of her customers. She looked at his hand and told him that he was very nearly going to lose his life within a couple of days' time and that on no account ought he to ride a bay horse with white socks. The animal whose bit broke was a bay, and it had two white socks behind, so she was pretty close to the mark; too close in fact to make things comfortable!





JUVENILE JOYS have very different effects upon the patients who come under the ministering care of Nannie (Kathleen Harrison): "Humpy" Millar (Michael Shepley) reacts favourably to treatment but Clive Norton (David Tomlinson) proves more refractory

Anthony Cookman

[Illustrations
by Emmwood]

At the Theatre

"All For Mary" (Duke of York's)

MEN have been known to tell each other that all women, whether mothers, wives or whatnot, have exploitable weaknesses, if it is thought worth the trouble of discovering them. The authors of this farce take leave to remind all such happy rodomontaders that they must have forgotten their Nannies.

Mr. Harold Brooke and Miss Kay Bannerman make a neat start by infecting with chicken-pox the husband and ex-husband of the same wife and cooping them in the attic of a French winter sports hotel. Mr. Michael Shepley is the endearingly stupid husband, Mr. David Tomlinson the engaging cad whom he has displaced, and Miss Betty Paul the wife who, having capriciously chosen the same hotel for her second honeymoon, finds herself in a delicate situation which she tries to escape characteristically by carrying on an outrageous flirtation with the hotel proprietor of Mr. Ferdy Mayne, all Gallic vivacity and gallantry. Both the husband and the ex-husband are offended. Mr. Shepley feels that this is what comes of a decent Englishman marrying a Frenchwoman; Mr. Tomlinson feels that this is what comes of a charming woman deserting a cad for a dull good fellow; but we don't doubt that each in the course of the evening will find a way of his own of getting round the woman. She has all sorts of weaknesses, and they are eminently exploitable.

THE prospect, to tell the truth, is not particularly exciting. It brightens suddenly with the arrival of Miss Kathleen Harrison. She carries a toy yacht in one hand, a Teddy Bear in the other. She has come to nurse the invalids and has been told that her patients are two small boys. Mr. Shepley recognizes her instantly. She is his old Nannie. He knows that there is nothing whatsoever to be done about it. His name is Humphrey, and he reverts at once to the status of Master Humpy, keeping the bedclothes tucked well up to his chin and dutifully sucking

the thermometer with the insufferably beaming expression of one who knows that he is Nannie's best of boys.

BUT Mr. Tomlinson is of more refractory stuff. He never had a Nannie. Perhaps that is why he has grown up a cad. He wants his whisky, he wants his cigarettes, and when he finds he can't have them because they are bad for his spots he flies into a terrible adult rage. To his horror he finds this adult rage dwindling under Nannie's calm gaze and exquisitely pertinent proverbial wisdom into a mere childish paddy.

When she is out of the room he searches every nook and cranny where the forbidden luxuries might be hidden, but it is significant that at the sound of her footsteps he scurries back to bed in a panic and that when she tells him that what smells nasty will not necessarily taste nasty he dare not give her the lie. All that he can do, for the sake of what is left of his adult dignity, is to spit out the consolatory sweet, but this is an act of defiance which he is careful she shall not see.

ALTHOUGH the comic idea may not seem much for a whole evening's entertainment, the part of the Nannie, consisting almost entirely of well remembered clichés and maddening rhymes and aphorisms, is played delightfully by Miss Harrison, and the three patients—for in due course Nannie detects spots on the neck of the Frenchman who is making a romantic nuisance of himself—are presented with a comic resource which does much to conceal from the gratified audience their lack of comic substance.

No doubt the farce depends on the comedians too much, and too little on its own wit, but its main idea is original, and a well-acted farce with an original idea is not to be sneezed at.



A DIVERTING INTERLUDE for Mary Millar (Betty Paul) is provided by Victor Mountenay (Ferdy Mayne)



Armstrong Jones

RATTIGAN FIRES

DOUBLE BARRELS

THE autumn theatrical season gets off to a flying start with Terence Rattigan's new two-in-one play at the St. James's, *Separate Tables*, studies in loneliness at a private hotel in Bournemouth. In both, Eric Portman and Margaret Leighton play the leading roles, and they are here seen at a drama-charged point in *The Window Table*

London Limelight



Moment of truth at the Old Vic, with Paul Rogers as Macbeth, Ann Todd as Lady Macbeth and John Neville as Macduff

Fanfare On Foghorns

THE Old Vic opened its new season with a brawling contest which made me glad of the improvements in the structure of the theatre. Macbeth becomes such a Hyde Park orator that one wonders if he is going to lead a revolutionary procession to capture Waterloo Station, accompanied by Mrs. MacB. Pankhurst and an orchestra of bagpipes and foghorns.

Perhaps the acoustics at Edinburgh, where this production first saw limelight, demanded these efforts, but here the rattle of eardrums was uncomfortable. Only Macduff, played by John Neville, caught the true note. This actor, first seen in a Bristol Old Vic production, was confined last season to those unrewarding heroic roles about which Shakespeare took very little trouble, standard models he clearly regarded as necessary bores. Now, given the chance, his stature grows ominously, for unless the film companies are blind, here comes an English Gary Cooper equipped with an Olivian style.

WERE I on the advisory council of any of those splendid enterprises which, at our expense, subsidise culture, my vote would go unhesitatingly to the most civilised entertainment in London, though I doubt if it could be exported as far as Redcar or the outhills of Fallowfield. This is *Joyce Grenfell Requests the Pleasure*, which has just removed to the St. Martin's. This is a peculiarly metropolitan piece of wit and professors of modern psychological trends could probably analyse it with all the skill it takes to define the charm of a soap bubble, and with less profit—but so, thank Heaven, does the real virtue of champagne elude the dissecting knife.

A REMARKABLE and sumptuous volume called *People* has just made its appearance (Grosvenor Press; 2 gns.). It is a random collection of biographies of the great, the celebrated and the notorious through the centuries up to to-day. The illustrations, brilliantly chosen and reproduced, show the personalities with uncanny vividness, and the text is penetrating, witty and very often waspish. Thirty of our contemporaries, all eminent men, have chosen their own heroes or victims and written with obvious pleasure, for the book is no mere dictionary of biographies.

There is, in fact, a very odd gap. Not one of the authors found a stage actor worthy of his pen. Garrick, Tree, Siddons, even Du Maurier—all are ignored. Only Mr. Charlie Chaplin gets a paragraph. Perhaps Equity ought to ponder on this, but let us hope they will take no specific action.

—Youngman Carter

WINCHESTER COLLEGE gave a dance in London for the first time in its history, with the College band taking over the music from time to time, and the cabaret also consisting of "home talent." There were 160 guests, who vastly enjoyed this high-spirited evening



Miss Sonia Yorath, Mr. Iain Eaton, Miss Anita Wallis and Mr. Patrick Robinson met for conversation between dances

DINING IN

The Table With

Red Candles

LAST week I dined with some friends in Sunningdale, in one of those houses with pre-war comforts. Lovely garden, rare orchids, azaleas, rhododendrons, and so on, our host is a great collector, and took the trouble to show us round before dinner.

After this little airing our charming hostess offered us cocktails or sherry, but my interest was concentrated on the dining-room table and what was to follow—especially as their cook is known far and wide for her outstanding ability. The table was laid with lovely old Georgian silver candelabra with red candles; several silver game birds (partridges, pheasants, etc.), and lovely cut-glass decorated the table, and a large bowl of red roses.

THIS is the dinner we had:

Potage à Gibier. [Sherry was served with this.]
Poulet Empereur. [Champagne G. H. Mumm 1929.]

Bananas à la Crème.

Cheese Wafers.

Coffee. Port Cockburn 1927. Liqueurs.
Hennessey X.O. Kummel. Benedictine.

Poulet Empereur: The base of this dish are noodles tossed in browned butter. A young spatchcock cut into small portions (after it has been cooked) arranged on top of the noodles, together with fresh mushrooms, frankfurter sausages, cockscombs, lobster claws, artichoke

fonds, pomme olives and tiny rolls of grilled bacon. The whole covered with Sauce Hollandaise mixed with the pure gravy of the chicken. Finally, sprinkle with grated cheese and breadcrumbs dotted with butter, and put under the grill for a few seconds.

Bananas à la Crème: Scoop out the flesh part of the pineapple, mash with bananas, two peeled and skinned oranges, one pear cut into small cubes, finely-grated coconut, and a little sherry. Whisk this well and fill pineapple, and place into a glass dish filled with ice. Serve with whipped cream.

Now let me tell you about my tomato soup. Wash 1½ lb. tomatoes, peel and cut in half; a few celery sticks, one whole onion, one clove of garlic, a bunch of parsley (washed), one large green pepper, a few slices of bacon rind. Put in saucepan and cover with water (I never use stock for this soup). Let it cook slowly until all the vegetables can easily be put through a sieve or moulinette. Then fry together 1 oz. of butter and 1½ tablespoons of flour until a golden brown; add a little cold water to make into a smooth paste, then add this to the purée, together with salt, pepper and sugar. This is sufficient for six people. When serving, put a little cream in each soup-cup or plate.

—Countess Csaky



"Not côtelette de mouton aux haricots verts avec pommes pailles AGAIN!"



Miss Judith Anderson, Mr. Richard Raphael, who played the piano in the cabaret, Mr. Robin Orr and Miss Marigold Welch



Miss Elizabeth Smithers and Mr. John Vincent were also among the company at the Hyde Park Hotel



Miss Jane Longworth and Mr. Roland King were enjoying a dance in the very well-organised programme

DINING OUT

Treasure Trove of Whitstable

A PROFESSIONAL oyster fancier whom I encountered during the week told me he had been cavorting about dredging for his prey at Whitstable, and appeared dumbfounded when I told him that so far this season not a single specimen had passed my palate.

To pacify him I hurried him off to his own restaurant, OVERTON'S, at Victoria Buildings, S.W.1, where he specialises in obtaining the finest Whitstable Natives at a price which enables him to sell them at 16s. 6d. per dozen; smaller of the same quality at 10s.; and, equally attractive if price is a consideration, some quite excellent Portuguese oysters fattened in the Roach River at 6s. 6d. But it was the Whittables I went for, accompanied by a bottle of Pouilly Fuisse 1950.

I AM told the present oyster season will probably be less gratifying than in recent years. The unusual lack of warmth this summer has resulted in no real growth in the oysters. They are deep, thick-heeled and of good flavour, but the normal outward spread which makes an oyster look big on the plate has not developed because the water never got warm enough. A catch of 3,500 oysters recently culled resulted in only 187 Number Ones (culling being the process of sorting them out). Nothing like this



has been seen for years and is largely responsible for the increased prices.

Overton's has an oyster bar on the ground floor, and a wine bar at the top of the stairs where you can have a dozen and a glass of wine before you pass into the restaurant and choose your next course from a very extensive and first-class menu.

HAVING got the taste for the delicacy, I went off to explore Wheeler's latest enterprise, the VENDÔME, at 20, Dover Street, W.1. Here indeed is a colossal concentration of sea foods and steaks, the oyster bar downstairs being ideal for a "one course with wine" meal if you are pressed for time, or for a dozen at the bar, Colchesters (when available) at 21s. a dozen, West Mersea's No. 1 at 15s. and No. 2, 12s.

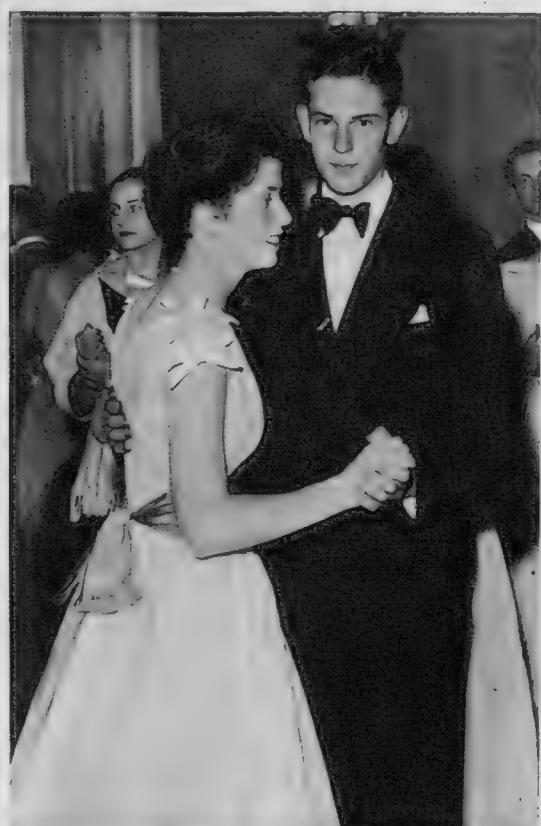
They have twenty ways of cooking a Dover sole, a dozen ways of preparing lobsters, and fifteen varying methods of dealing with your steak. Not to mention an excellent wine list, including eight wines *en cave*, any of which you can buy by the glass. The menu is remarkable, describing in detail exactly how every item is prepared and cooked.

Dry white wines or stout are undoubtedly the best companions to the oyster, but, despite the common belief, you can also eat them with whisky without dire after-effects.

—I. BICKERSTAFF



Seated : Mrs. and Mr. W. H. McFadzean, Mr. Michael Young, Miss Elizabeth Benn, Miss Judy Hunt and Mr. Barry McFadzean. Behind, Mr. Jerome Foster and Miss Anthea Marshall



Miss Penny Banks was being partnered in an old-fashioned waltz by Mr. Peter Banks



Present at the reunion were Lord Dowding of Bertley and Air Marshal Sir Dermot A. Boyle, Fighter Command chiefs of 1940 and to-day

BATTLE OF BRITAIN PILOTS, to the number of nearly 100 of the gallant company who defended the country in 1940, held their reunion at the R.A.F. Station, Biggin Hill, in the form of a buffet supper and cocktail party



Current Service topics were reviewed at length by P/O. C. Stevens, W/Cdr. A. W. A. Bayne and G/Capt. Douglas R. S. Bader

MR. J. B. PRIESTLEY was recently sixty, and his birthday was celebrated with a dinner at the Dorchester, Park Lane, where over 300 people gathered together to do honour to this eminent writer.

In replying to the speeches of Sir Compton Mackenzie, Mr. Norman Collins and Mr. Lionel Hale, Mr. Priestley made some extremely pertinent observations on his past, present and future life. Reminiscing about his first story, which he sold forty-four years ago for one guinea, he said with feeling that you could live for a week on

a guinea in those days, and, what was more, you could keep the guinea!

Touching on the political aspect of his life, and how he had always fought for democracy, he said: "I wouldn't cross the road now to help any politician to get anything he wants—perhaps with the exception of Adlai Stevenson." He then went on to say that if he had his time over again, he would not write so much, but he would write much better.

Has the old Priestley gone? The fighting-for-the-underdog Priestley? Or must we sum up his present and future attitude in his own phrase: "Now I can afford not to

Around the Town

give a damn!" Even if this is the case, he can be assured of a place in posterity.

Another artist, although in a different field, will also be remembered for a great many years to come. I refer to Kathleen Ferrier. And what brings her to mind once again after her tragic death last year is a book published this week by Hamish Hamilton called *Kathleen Ferrier, A Memoir*.

The six contributors to this book all knew Kathleen Ferrier as an artist and as a person, and in both respects they pay a sincere tribute.

SIR JOHN BARBIROLI, who conducted many of her concerts, writes robustly and with affection of her sense of humour. Of the Harewood wedding, he says: ". . . as I came within sight I beheld a gorgeously gowned and magnificent-looking Katie, who greeted me in a sonorous and broad Lancashire as 'Hullo, Luv!' It made my day."

Dr. Bruno Walter ends his contribution with a paragraph beginning: "So she was in art and in life a shining example, and whoever listened to her or met her personally felt enriched and uplifted."

With these two are Benjamin Britten, Gerald Moore, Roy Henderson and Neville Cardus. They all write with an enthusiasm and zeal that could only stem from a deep admiration.

The proceeds from the sale of this book, which is edited by Neville Cardus, are being devoted to the Kathleen Ferrier Memorial Scholarships, and I can only say with humility that after reading it I wished that I also had heard this great artist sing.

★ ★ ★

HARDLY had I written some notes, appearing in this page last week, on the preoccupations of Sir Kenneth Clark in the choice of a Director-General for "Commercial TV" than he himself put an end to speculations which had been rife for too many weeks. For some reason which eludes me, hundreds of people are reported to have applied for this post. I predict that it will bring its incumbent as many headaches as pounds sterling—and these latter are not so few.

Sir Kenneth's choice, as I predicted, did not fall on any of those popular tips, stated with confidence to constitute the "short list" of candidates, but on a Civil Servant who should have an intimate knowledge of the usual channels through which Government-controlled, pseudo-independent organisations must operate if they are to survive.

At the age of fifty, Australian-born Sir Robert Brown Fraser may well possess many

THE ABOMINABLE CLUBMAN

By WYNDHAM ROBINSON



"Always test it. Can't trust anyone nowadays"

of the qualifications for which Sir Kenneth was looking—including, it must be presumed, the ability to see eye-to-eye with his Chief. There will be no room for clashes at that level.

WHEN the Socialist Government decided that British civil airlines must be nationalised they offered a sop to adverse opinion by setting up separate Corporations—originally three, now two—B.O.A.C. and B.E.A.C. This, it was suggested, would introduce an element of healthy competition—though how airlines operating over defined and different routes were to compete with one another was never explained.

The B.B.C. and the I.T.A. are now to make a similar experiment. But with the important difference that they are to serve the same public on the same routes. And one of the "Corporations" is well-established in the field. The old firm is clearly going to fight hard to hold its lead.

I notice that Sir George Barnes, who has been Director of Television at the B.B.C. since 1950, is not waiting for Sir Kenneth Clark to make a visit of inspection of commercial TV in the United States. The latter is going to make his observations incidental to a lecture tour in late October.

The former slipped off unobtrusively a month earlier.

★ ★ ★

It happened at Ascot Heath recently. A leading bookmaker was busy taking bets over the rails of the Enclosure. Came a sharp tug at his coat-tail. "What is it?" he said, turning sharply to find himself facing an anxious, if somewhat rough-hewn type.

"Guvnor," said the type, "I want to tell you I've just backed . . ."

"Can't you see I'm busy?" broke in the harassed bookie. "I'm not interested in what you've backed." And so to the book again, and the big backers.

Short lapse of time and another tug at the coat. Same man, same story. "I want to tell you I've backed . . ." "Listen. I've told you I'm busy. Will a fiver cover it?" And turning to his assistant: "Richmond, give the man a fiver."

Bewildered, the "type" rejoined a pal in the Silver Ring. "Beats me," he said. "Chap over there just given me a fiver. Wouldn't let me say a thing. Got quite nasty. And all I wanted to tell him was that I've just backed my lorry into his Bentley."

★ ★ ★

IT seems that this ill-favoured holiday season is breaking records for numbers of foreign visitors. I can well believe it, for it can be confirmed by the evidence of the eyes and the ears, in public places, restaurants and on the roads.

Every other motor-car carries an international touring plaque—D., DK., F., B., P., or U.S.A.—plus one of those invaluable window stickers marked "Visitor to Britain"—so useful with the police when one has parked in a yellow band area or gone the wrong way up a one-way street.

In the South of France, recently visited, the plethora of foreign touring plates is even more striking in its unspoken commentary upon the rival advantages of winning and losing wars—or somehow not getting into them. From Monte Carlo to Marseilles the longest, largest and lushest motor-cars bear the plates of Sweden, Switzerland, Germany, Italy and Belgium.

A great many of these silky monsters are Packards, Cadillacs, Oldsmobiles, Chevrolets and other representatives of the top line in American automobile production. Except in the case of the Germans. They are showing their own national flag—whether it be on Mercs or Volkswagens.

—Criticus



G/Capt. John Cunningham and G/Capt. F. E. Rosier retired to the stairs with their supper



Cheerful meeting between W/Cdr. J. G. Sanders, W/Cdr. R. A. S. Berry and G/Capt. J. A. Kent



The guest of honour, Lord Thurso, with W/Cdr. D. G. Smallwood, the Station Commander



Norman Hargood

NICOLE MAUREY, the charming French actress who became internationally known for her work in the film *Little Boy Lost*, will make her British screen debut in *The Constant Husband* as one of the many attractive women in the life of a philanderer, portrayed by Rex Harrison

Priscilla in Paris The Brave Bugles Are Mute

I HAD been to meet some English friends at the Gare du Nord. It was some time since they had visited the "Gay City," and, knowing what was due to the occasion, our meeting was slightly on the exuberant side. Carefully easing Elegant Elizabeth, loaded to the dash with passengers and their impedimenta, through the crowded station-yard, I punctuated my friends' rhapsodies with appreciative but monosyllabic exclamations—"The dear old newspaper kiosks . . . the clumsy great motor-buses . . . the nice white batons of the Agents de Police . . . the midinettes and the hot-chestnut stalls (winter already, my dear!) . . . the darting taxi-cabs . . . the Algerian carpet hawkers . . . the sidewalk cafés . . . the . . . the . . .", but as we

wound our way sedately down the rue Lafayette their remarks seemed to become a little forced.

At the intersection of the rue du Chateaudun they had ceased. Elegant Elizabeth stopped to allow a parcel of pedestrians to cross the road and I had time to look round. My friends' happy faces had become somewhat strained, but a gap in the crowd made it obligatory for Elizabeth to glide on her way. At the Chaussée d'Antin the traffic lights held us up. Surrounded by cars, scooters, push-bikes, lorries and drays, in one of the most traffic-congested quarters of Paris, I could hear Elizabeth's well-cared-for innards purring nicely, the muted hum of the great city gently playing its accompaniment.

As the light changed from red to green the car in front slid quietly forwards, and I obediently followed suit. As we passed the agent on point duty he smiled and waved us onwards; his white-gloved hands seemed to convey a wordless benison. The friend on my right leaned towards me and whispered in my ear. She spoke so tremulously that my startled "WHAT?" echoed over-loudly.

"IS ANYBODY DEAD?" she asked, and her voice had the squeakiness of near-panic!

LAUGHING, I explained matters, boastfully claiming that since the ukase of silence went forth Paris had become as hushed as the noonday quiet of the desert. Disappointingly enough, this cast a gloom that was only dissipated by various alcoholic potations absorbed in the familiar pandemonium of the Crillon Bar.

I do not quite see what inspired the question, but as I left them my friends enquired: "Are theatres and cabarets still open on Sundays . . . and does Dany Dauberson still sing?" My answer ought to have reassured them as to the normal gaiety of the "Gay City," but though they smiled bravely, I had the uncomfortable feeling that they were suspicious.

Maybe, on thinking the matter over, we have overshot the mark a bit in submitting to Monsieur le Préfet's wise wishes. I wonder if our municipal ædiles have money in the motor trade. The October Motor Show at the Grand Palais ought to do quite a business with the silent, automatic gear-change I seem to have heard about. Not that I have paid much attention. The only gadget that would interest me in these days of reckless driving is the one that would stop a car from starting as soon as a fool-driver sets hands on the wheel.

MICHEL GEORGES-MICHEL is a writer that I have quite cordially disliked, in theory, for many years. Now he has published a volume of reminiscences: *De Renoir à Picasso*, with the sub-title *Les Peintres que J'ai Connus*, and I find I am ready to forget my old resentment. Since reading *De Renoir à Picasso* I feel that I ought to be flattered that he once noticed me sufficiently to affront my dignity.

The book is a written *fresque* of the great painters who have made—and are making—history since the 'nineties, and M. G.-M. has composed it with an honest, understanding and kindly brush. His pen has drawn portraits—for he might have had a career as an artist himself—of his friends, and there are many other illustrations by Picabia, Lautrec, Bakst, Vertès, Marie Laurencin, Yves Brayer and Modigliani, amongst others.

Of all these drawings the two I find most interesting from a personal point of view are a "Portrait of the Author," by Picasso, in 1919, and "The Author," by Matisse, at a somewhat later date.

A most admirable and likeable book!

Enfin!

• Mauriac assures us that "Experience is the only thing that is worth acquiring second-hand."



Against the imposing façade of Harewood House, Mr. Brian Young, on Radar, was starting out on one of the most gruelling events of the Trials, the cross-country, which took riders across seventeen miles of broken terrain.

THE PRINCESS ROYAL OPENED HAREWOOD FOR HORSE TRIALS



BY the courtesy of H.R.H. the Princess Royal, the Three-Day Horse Trials were held for the second year in succession at Harewood House. Acknowledged to be an extremely stern test for both horse and rider, the Trials attracted many of the leading riders both from England and abroad.

WHILE the skill of horse and rider naturally provided the main interest of the Trials, visitors, of whom there were many thousands, had an unequalled opportunity of seeing the lovely grounds at Harewood and of looking over the house itself. Built in the reign of George III. by Henry Lascelles, Harewood House is one of the most dignified mansions in Yorkshire, and contains fine examples of the work of Adam and Chippendale at their best periods. The grounds, too, hold much to delight the eye. Surrounding the house is a magnificently wooded park of 2000 acres, as well as terraces and formal gardens. Jennifer describes the Trials, and their surroundings, on pages 600-601



After presenting the premier trophy to Miss Penelope Molteno, the Princess Royal gave her horse Carmen an approving pat.

By Day at Harewood

A SEARCHING TEST FOR HORSE AND MAN



Mrs. D. Knowlson, Mrs. A. E. Spink, Mr. David Barker and Miss F. Spink—the last-named a competitor—were watching from the roof of their car

By Night at Harewood

BALL CELEBRATED TRIALS' SUCCESS

COMPETITORS and spectators joined in festivity on the second night, when a memorable ball took place at the Old Swan Hotel, in Harrogate. Riders showed little trace of their endeavours, and talk was largely of prospects in the eliminating events next day. Several house-parties were held in the neighbourhood for the Trials, and hosts and hostesses brought along their guests to add to the evening's gaiety

(Continued)

THE cross-country event was most strenuous being complicated both by a gale of wind and brilliantly-devised obstacles. At other times the sun shone brightly on the moors



Major L. Rook taking Tudor Gal over a fence and ditch at the conclusion of which only fourteen of the original survived for the final day of show-jumping



Mr. Graham Littleboy, of Thirsk, sat out one of the dances in a swinging settee with Miss Barbara Cameron, of York



Miss Mary Mosselmans was at a table with Mr. John Stokoe and Miss Delia Gurney. The ball continued until 4 a.m.



Mrs. Gordon May, of Sicklinghall Grange, near Wetherby, and her son Christopher May, walking round the course



Judging the Working Hunter Championship of Britain : Lord Irwin, M.F.H., Major Ward-Harrison and Brig. J. E. Swetenham, D.S.O.



Two of the 15,000 at the Trials were Mrs. Robert Dean and Miss Shirley Worthington, who had come up from London



Seated, watching, on the bough of a tree were Mrs. R. H. Pelly, of near-by Farnley Hall, and her sister, Miss Margaret Horton-Fawkes



Mr. and Mrs. Nigel Kitson, of Wetherby, were among the Yorkshire residents who came to the event



Mr. Robin Robinson and Miss Judy Coxhead were in conversation over a glass of wine



Mrs. and Mr. N. Forbes-Adam, of Skipwith Hall, Selby, were with Mr. J. A. Clough in an ante-room



"hit a mutinous gunner with a bucket"

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Standing By ...

NEWS of a yellow fever epidemic in Trinidad ("I have been in places hot as pitch, and mates dropping round with Yellow Jack, and the blessed earth a-heaving like the sea with earthquakes") brings, you will agree, an authentic eighteenth-century whiff into the chemical stenches of the Atomic Age, as if Captain Billy Bones were still cursing in the parlour of the Admiral Benbow.

Apparently the pirates and buccaneers got their packet of Yellow Jack from the same mosquito, *aedes variegatus*, as today, or else were bitten by the same kind of monkey; but disagreeable as it was even 200 years ago to be bitten by either dumb chum, our sympathy still goes out to Captain Kidd, hero of the most boring pirate story—see the Newgate Calendar—in history. Cap'n Kidd was bitten, fatally, by a group of big business boys, which is far worse, and deserved it, for his stupidity. Whenever one sees this dull little man he is sitting in his cabin totting up percentages, all unaware that Lord Bellamont and the backroom-boys have got him (as we say in the City) for a sucker.

Afterthought

To be quite fair, Kidd did once hit a mutinous gunner with a bucket, but by all pirate standards this about equalled a slap from a chartered accountant during the half-yearly balance. They hanged him (May 23, 1701) for piracy, side by side with one of his crew named Darby Mullins, who sounds like the real thing, the kind of hairy-chested, blue-faced thug who fills the pages of Esquemeling and Captain Johnston.

Contretemps

CITIZENS mumbling to Auntie *Times* recently about village fire-brigades, and how to increase their numbers and efficiency, forgot to mention the undoubted value of that

brazen music behind which the rural firemen of France march so gloriously to exercise on Sunday mornings, headed by M. le Chef de Fanfare and fluttering tender bosoms for miles around. *Vivent les pompiers! Vive l'Amour!*

This excellent corps has been the butt of French comedians so long that when a mildly comic situation some years ago actually gave a village which we will call Fouilly-les-Oies (Var) national publicity, the joke-boys were struck dumb as a row of stuffed owls. Lured by band and uniform, it appeared, the village Casanova of Fouilly-les-Oies joined the fire-brigade, became swiftly bored, and invented a neat contrivance for starting fires at a fixed time. He was thus able to dash into action, making fresh conquests, some time before his colleagues arrived. Detected and denounced at length by M. le Chef de Fanfare in person, he fired one final shot:

"*Vous êtes ignoble!*"
"*Et vous, cocu!*"

The cops then removed Casanova, leaving M. le Chef reeling under the impact of what seemed to be news, anyway, to him. To a Parisian newspaper chap recalling this the other day we observed that over here the Firemen's Union would not believe such conduct possible, even among amateurs. He gave us one of those looks the French give you, and changed the subject.

Snifter

A DRAMA-CRITIC who seemed to find a recent Lady Macbeth too ladylike for the job reminded us of the story, told in most books on the Georgian theatre, of Mrs. Siddons at Leeds. As this redoubtable sweetheart was halfway through the sleepwalking scene after Duncan's murder the call-boy, whom she had sent out for a can of ale, walked on the stage and tried to give it to her. Whether the honest lad succeeded we forget. Why on earth not?

Our feeling is that La Belle Siddons took that quart in her stride, like a good old trouper,

clutching the can to her opulent bosom, rolling her eyes, and declaiming hoarsely:

Stay! What is this? (Exit boy)
A reeking cup of bloody Duncan's gore?
Ha! Down the hatch!—
(Empties can at one blow, smacks lips)
—Ha! . . . Well, as I was saying—
(Flings away can, carries on.)

Audience-reaction would be good. In 1799, as to some extent nowadays, very little of interest happened in Leeds after 6.30 p.m. Plenty of the local charmers can slit a pretty throat, maybe, but few can (or could then) throw back a quart of ale in one swallow. "Ay, tha can boomp t'folk off," their swains would snarl contemptuously, "but tha canna soop t'wallop like yon Siddons lass." This gibe, added to the citizenry's endless talk about wool, gave the female population of Leeds that careworn appearance which is so notable.

Smear

ONE cannot wave farewell to an exciting season without hoping that the threatened ban by the Women's Cricket Association on the little caps at present worn by women cricketers, which lend the most ferocious girlish pan a kind of mystical pre-Raphaelite languor recalling Rossetti's "Beata Beatrix," will be carried into effect before next summer.

The proposed official headgear (which we understand to be a provocative little white toque of sheer ninon, ruched with a *diamanté* motif relieved by shirred pompoms of a subtly enigmatic pastel organdie) will certainly paralyse the cricket-loving populace when the angry red face underneath suddenly splits in half with a roar of "OWZAT?" And no doubt this shock is necessary. Most of the citizenry are still influenced by Barrie's smear-campaign. His account—see *The Greenwood Hat*—of a female cricket match in the 1890's, a vision of cool, charming, lissom, longskirted girlish figures flitting gracefully to and fro, with a rose tucked into every belt, was designed deliberately to link women's cricket in the Race's mind with the fairies, as everybody knows.

Meditation

THIS must stop. Women's cricket has still to live many sissy imputations down. Great horny female hands are still kissed in the pavilion by gentlemen of the old school, murmuring vague compliments. Massive flannelled legs encased in huge pads are still languidly appraised by elderly clubmen and other rakes, though this may be a purely—if "purely" is the word—automatic reflex. The MCC regulation requiring every new ball used by women bowlers to be tied up in pale-blue silk ribbon with true-lovers' knots is still in force. This must all stop.

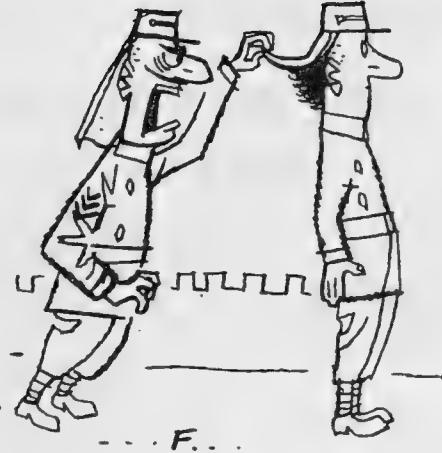


"the proposed official headgear"



MASTERS OF THE PALETTE photographed by BARON

ANTHONY DEVAS, A.R.A., R.P., is a follower of the older school of English portrait-painters, preferring traditional elegance to more violent contrasts. Among his recent works exhibited at this year's Royal Academy are portraits of Dame Felicity Peake, D.B.E., and the Rev. John Shirley, D.D. His portrait of Lady Fermoy, 'commissioned for the King's Lynn Festival, was unveiled by the Queen Mother



BUBBLE & SQUEAK

AT a local dog track a greyhound, settling on its haunches, took out a powder-puff and started powdering its nose.

★ "What's the idea?" asked a rival.
"Well, you can never tell," came the reply, "there might be a photo-finish." ★

SHE was a highly efficient secretary, and a couple of weeks before her wedding she resigned her post and put her smooth efficiency to work to plan her bridal party.

Everything was organised to the last detail, the minister, the music, the bridesmaids, the cars for the wedding guests, and the ice for champagne.

The proceedings went like clockwork until the guests crowded around her at her home for the usual congratulations. Then she discovered the bridegroom wasn't there. He was nowhere in the house and nobody had seen him.

One of the party jumped into a car and hurried back to the church, and, sure enough, there he was, standing forlornly on the steps.

THE famous novelist's wife was forever trying to curb his habit of swearing. One day while shaving, the writer nicked his chin, and promptly burst into a hurricane of colourful language. His wife thereupon repeated it all after him, hoping that in so doing she would shame him into reforming at last.

Instead, he waited for her to finish, and then with a twinkle in his eyes, said: "You have the words, my dear, but you don't know the tune."

"A nice sort of welcome!" protested the father visiting his son at boarding-school. "I'm hardly out of the train when you ask me for money."

"Well, father," replied the boy, "you must admit that the train was nearly half-an-hour late."

DURING a by-election a woman candidate was canvassing, and called at a cottage. She talked to the woman at the door for a time, and then said, in conclusion: "I hope that your husband is going to support me, too."

"You've got some hopes, you have!" said the woman bitterly. "Why, I've been married to him for nigh on twenty years, and I can hardly get a penny out of him!"

At The Pictures

THE BURMESE TWINS



Win Min Than is Gregory Peck's chieffan in "The Purple Plain"

of his colleagues, slowly "going round the bend." But he meets a charming Burmese girl and—you've guessed it—her friendship "rehabilitates" him. He becomes again obedient to his C.O., nice to his navigator, and that seems to be that.

A second film then begins with the same Peck, and Flight Lieutenants Maurice Denham and Lyndon Brook in an aeroplane. It crashes. They set off carrying the injured Brook on a nightmare trek through desert and jungle. This is an excellent, gripping story, a credit to all.

But except for the person of Peck, there seems scant connection between the two stories. Luckily, the stalwart Peck is a fine enough actor to hold the two pieces together. But one is disappointed that such a splendidly-produced film, well acted and directed, has such a flimsy plot. Is there an illusion among our native film-makers that to place a star of Gregory Peck's calibre in front of the camera for ninety minutes of itself makes a film? Even Brando gets a good story off the Americans.

Win Min Than is winsome as the Burmese heroine.

AMERICA seems determined these days to show us the seamy side of its industrial life. First *On the Waterfront*. Now *Salt of the Earth*, story of a strike in a New Mexico zinc mine.

It is ponderous going, enlivened, however, by the decision of the wives to use the occasion of their husbands' strike to put their own demands for better conditions from their husbands. The film has a propagandistic purpose which is largely defeated because it puts only the strikers' case. No doubt the bosses had one, too, but the film just assumes they were wicked capitalists.

THIE Gallic convention that a boy's first love-affair is with a middle-aged woman was a pet theme of French novelist, Colette. It is the theme of *Ripening Seed*, based on her novel. Hero and heroine are a teen-aged boy and girl whose own nascent affair profits from this dubious educational practice.

Traced by Colette's delicate pen, the story has its charm, the burgeoning of adolescent love and all that sort of thing. But in the harsher outlines of the screen I am afraid it is a bit sordid and tedious.

That outstanding actress, Edwige Feuillère, makes the most of the squalid rôle of the middle-aged seductress. But in the film the young girl appears as such a forward minx that one wonders if Miss Feuillière's senior class was really necessary.

—Dennis W. Clarke

Two pictures for the price of one are available in *The Purple Plain*, latest Rank-Pinewood Studios production.

The first concerns a Canadian Squadron Leader, admirably played by Gregory Peck, leading an R.A.F. squadron in Burma in 1945. Embittered by the death of his wife in a London air raid, he is, to the alarm



JULIET is played by twenty-year-old Susan Shentall in the film of *Romeo and Juliet*, which opened last week at the Odeon, Leicester Square. Miss Shentall was born at Sheffield and now lives near Chesterfield. She has never before appeared on stage or screen, save in a school play, and was chosen for the film as the result of a chance encounter with the director in a West End restaurant. She was educated at Lawnside and St. James's, Malvern, and her recreations are reading poetry, watching sports and studying paintings.



ROMEO has as his screen interpreter Laurence Harvey, who after war service in North Africa and Italy, studied at the R.A.D.A. and has recently come to the fore as a romantic actor of high quality. At the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre last season he was in *As You Like It*, *Volpone*, *Coriolanus*, and other plays before going to Italy to take one of Shakespeare's most coveted masculine roles. He attributes much of his success to the nine months he spent, after leaving the Academy, playing juvenile leads at the Intimate Theatre, Manchester

Taking The Air

A POSTSCRIPT TO CRICKET

AN inquisitive person scanning the passenger list of the Orient liner Orsova, now on the high seas, would have been struck by the half-familiar sound of several names.

"Of course," he would have said at length, "this must be that team of cricketers which is going out to Australia."

He may, even at this remove from the end of the season's cricket in England, be persuaded by thoughts of sunshine to ponder the outcome of those games still to be played on the other side of the world.

There is little doubt in my mind that the England side will win. Not because it is such a great side. In fact, I think it is a badly-chosen side, constructed, like some popular edifice, from a successful plan without the best choice of materials.

IBELIEVE England will win the series because I am convinced that Australian teams, since the end of the war, have been the most over-rated internationals in the history of cricket.

For undoubtedly they successfully and sincerely deluded themselves to start with, then hypnotised everybody else into thinking they were the greatest Australian side ever—until two years ago when a young, untried South African eleven put the whole matter in a proper perspective. It is worth remembering.

With this expedition in search of the abominable Ashes goes an even more numerous team of reporters to chronicle their activities, so that no single person in these islands, nor in any part of the world where the Union Jack used to fly, will be able to avoid knowing "what is the score."

HAVE you noticed that post-war cricket reporting has resolved itself into two schools. There is, as you might expect, the national-daily style which will describe the decisive moment in terms like this:

"Jim Wadhurst, England's leading run-getter in Australia, was the centre of a violent scene during the tea interval at Melbourne yesterday in the final Test match, which England won by 5 runs in the last over of the game.

"I am able to reveal exclusively that Wadhurst was hit over the head with a bat in the team's dressing-room by Bill Swaffam, the Daleshire all-rounder, who figured in a run-out decision with Wadhurst shortly before the tea adjournment."

For this you pay 1½d.

Then there is the pompous school. This is composed of cricket writers who, with one ear cocked towards the magnificent orchestrations of Neville Cardus and the other towards their own fine-sounding brass, produce a column full of erudite clichés by which they are forever seduced. You know the stuff.

For that you pay 2d.

I myself once bowled Maurice Leyland in a Test match at Lord's with a ball which, against the slope of the ground, came back from just outside his off-stump to tickle silently but effectively the top of his leg bail. As he walked past his batting companion on his way back to the pavilion he muttered quite audibly: "Came oop bloody 'ill." That is what I call good reporting.

—Robert Crisp

Book Reviews

Aftermath of Scandal

Elizabeth Bowen



childhoods come to appear as treasure-houses of good days.

A tragic exception, however, was Vyvyan Holland's, whose book, *SON OF OSCAR WILDE* (Hart-Davis; 18s.), must have been, in its undertaking, a searching task. How fare children whose lives are shadowed, early, by family scandal or disgrace? At the time of the Oscar Wilde trial, 1895, few people probably spared a thought for the wife and sons—it may not have been realised, even, that these existed. For gentle Mrs. Wilde and her little boys disappeared (that is, from the eyes of the world in general) as completely as though they had never been.

To Cyril, then aged eleven, and Vyvyan, nine, the cataclysm which struck their home remained unexplained. Life in the pleasant house in Tite Street, Chelsea, ended, for them, quite without warning: puzzled, hungry, bewildered and miserable, the children were hustled abroad by a French governess—all they were given to understand was, they would never again hear, must never again utter, their father's name.

Their mother, when she joined them in Switzerland, preserved a silence no less inscrutable. Emotionally, the loss was great: Oscar Wilde had been not only an affectionate but a delightful father—the brilliant wit and dandy, at the height of his fame, had been his children's unequalled play-fellow.

CYRIL was to glean the terrible truth from newspapers carelessly left around in a house in Ireland where he was staying. With the characteristic reticence of youth he said not a word of it to his younger brother, for whom the revelation came later though no less painfully. The photograph (facing page 34) of Cyril as a pretty, exuberant small boy drives in all the more the sadness of the over-clouding of the subsequent life—for of Cyril, his brother Vyvyan tells us, it would not be too much to say that he never smiled again. Unsmiling, the elder of Wilde's sons showed a grim, sturdy determination to make good, which he indeed did; he had a fine record as a Regular Army officer and was killed at Neuve Chapelle in 1915.

The two were shorn of their father's name, ceremonially, legally and as soon as possible. The substitute surname, "Holland," was found for them from somewhere in their mother's family. The apparent mystery of their birth, and still more of the identity and whereabouts of their father, was in itself an embarrassment to the boys—particularly, of course, when they went to school. Throughout Cyril's time in

AUTOBIOGRAPHY may be, in some cases, gratifying to write—there is the pleasure of shaping one's life-story, and of transferring on to one's pages something of the golden glow of the past. And, owing to some happy trick of the memory, most



NEWTON BLICK, who first attracted London audiences in 1951 with his outstanding performance as Speed in the Bristol Old Vic's production of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, was trained as an architect, but abandoned this project for the more precarious existence of the stage. One of the leading Shakespearean clowns of the generation, he will be particularly remembered for his performance as "The Gentleman" at the Coronation performance of *Henry VIII*, and as the funniest Launcelot Gobbo for many years. He is shown here as The Tramp in *Salad Days*, now having immense success at the Vaudeville

the Army, Vyvyan's at Cambridge, not a soul realised whose sons they were. . . . But the book is not so sombre as it may sound: children, through all, are children, and Mr. Holland shows how (in his own case at least) high spirits, sense of adventure and pleasure in friendships did reassert themselves.

"*SON OF OSCAR WILDE*" is not, perhaps, in the full sense autobiography; it is, rather, the study of a relationship. For the character of the father (never seen again after the *débâcle* of 1895) slowly reconstituted itself in the son's mind—partly through the reading of the works, partly through talk with the few good friends of Wilde's who, having stood by him through the dark days, later sought out and encouraged the growing Vyvyan. The books had been suppressed, the plays swept from the stage; though gradually they have returned to take their due place in our literature.

From Oscar Wilde's versatility, wit and grace the shadow has by now slipped away. The year 1954 is his centenary: it could hardly be better marked than by this testimony of his son's—whose own life has been courageously and honourably lived, and whose own work shows an inherited intellectual distinction.

★ ★ ★

THE literary reputation of Louis Auchincloss is deservedly on the ascendant in this country, as, indeed, it is in his own, America. For here is a story-teller with a beautifully clear and direct style—a classically good English style, one might say. To this is added a grip of character and a feeling for

situation akin to (though in no way imitative of) Mr. Somerset Maugham's. This latest Auchincloss book, *THE ROMANTIC EGOISTS* (Gollancz; 10s. 6d.), is sub-titled "A Reflection in Eight Mirrors"—which is to say that it consists of eight stories, told by the same narrator, one Peter Westcott.

In eight different characters we see the same trait, romantic egoism at work—sometimes with comic, sometimes with dangerous results. A schoolboy, an inconveniently rich young man, two naval characters in wartime, two New York lawyers (one old, one young), a society woman and a prim recluse living in Venice are shown us, each at a major or minor turning-point in their destinies. Irony and a dry, inadvertent sympathy is in each presentation; and each of the tales, in its own right, sets up interest and excitement.

Mr. Auchincloss is sophisticated in the right way; he knows several worlds well; he is a born assessor of men and women. This, his earlier books have demonstrated. Readers who appreciate sound sense should seek out this novelist, if they have not yet done so.



"Toeing the Line." This delightful drawing comes from Mervyn Peakes' new book, *Figures of Speech*, published by Victor Gollancz at 8s. 6d.

[Continued on page 636]



Mrs. K. Nation-Dixon, whose husband was playing, was here with M. Delbert of the French team

LONDON LAWYERS BEAT FRENCH AT TENNIS

IN the annual competition for the Georges Chresteull Cup, presented by the President of the French Bar, the London Bar Lawn Tennis Society won by six matches to three. The match took place at Hurlingham, and was a most sporting and cordial event



The Earl of Craven and Mr. John Cope, captain of the home team. Among the afternoon's spectators was Mr. Justice Slade, who is chairman of the London Bar Lawn Tennis Society



Mme. Geranton, Mme. Bercholz and M. Geranton, French captain, were here watching a well-sustained rally. The afternoon was overcast, but otherwise conditions were good



Mr. K. Nation-Dixon congratulates M. Paul Bercholz, who had just beaten him in their game



Simplicity

Itself

THIS exquisitely plain afternoon dress of caramel coloured nylon lace is a Roeliff & Chapman model. We picked it as our Choice of the Week because we feel that it makes the most wonderful background for jewellery and is a perfect dress for wearing under a fur coat to cocktail party or theatre. Priced at 11½ gns., it is sold (exclusively) by Marshall & Snelgrove's Inexpensive Dress dept. Marshalls also provided the accessories shown on these two pages.

—MARIEL DEANS



Evening elegance. The dress is shown here worn with a wonderful mousseline scarf, which is woven in a mixture of strange shadowy colours shot through with gold thread which closely resembles an Indian sari. It costs £4 17s. 6d.



John French

Here the dress is worn with a small felt hat trimmed with spangled golden-brown feathers that tone exactly with the dress. It costs 75s. 9d. The gilt necklace, worn opposite, twisted with pearls and beads, costs £5 8s., ear-rings 23s. 9d.

DIARY OF A LADY OF LIMITED LEISURE

HAVE recently been suffering from guilt-fixation caused by the passion of all my contemporaries for getting themselves creative hobbies, when what I prefer to do with my spare time is to lie on a sofa with a series of novels.

Some time ago I was driven into exhibition of energy by Elaine, who went in for weaving in a big way, and at the same time solved the problem of furnishing a small, hideous room in her large, hideous house by filling it up entirely with a huge and, to me, alarming-looking loom. She then started producing scarves, preparatory, she said, to getting down to lengths of tweed for people's husbands' jackets.

It was quite clear from her demeanour that her entire acquaintanceship would be expected to order lengths of expensive handwoven tweed at no very distant date, and I personally am not



attached to the blueish-green mixtures in which she seems to specialize. So when I myself get creative ideas of a similar type, I am inclined to agree with my husband when he says that most of them are due to the desire for revenge.

STILL, I obviously cannot start a rival loom, which is a pity, because I agree that weaving is grand-scale and short-term, not like things like petit-point, which keep one working for years on something which will be finished in time for one's granddaughter's wedding. I toy for some time with the idea of carpentry, but am deterred by a suspicion that this would involve neatness, patience and perseverance, none of them my speciality.

I go carefully through the list of available classes, reluctantly eschewing one in violin-making (I cannot face the thought of any more music practising in the house) and eventually plump for a class in pottery making. This has enthralled me since mud-pie days; has not—they tell me—progressed much in shape or method since the earliest civilizations, and seems satisfactorily useful.

At first, gloriously involved with mud and paint, I find it enormously satisfying, and rewarding in that by simply whizzing a wheel round and round and shaping a bit of clay on it with one's fingers, one can produce

[Continued on page 626]



This black lace dress trimmed with narrow velvet ribbon comes from Woollards, of Knightsbridge, has a short bolero jacket that can be worn so that it will quite cover up the low neckline

Your Presence is Requested...

HERE are four dresses (writes Mariel Deans) that we have chosen with our mind on hostess and guests at dinner parties of varying importance. We have looked for dresses that combine elegance with at least a modicum of warmth (which is why three out of four have long sleeves) and that can adapt themselves good-humouredly to circumstance if there is a suggestion of finishing up at a night club (which is why two of them have little jackets). All four dresses have lovely flowing lines and would look just as well in larger sizes for the older woman



Liberty's blue, silk-jersey housecoat is both warm and elegant. Smart enough for a small informal dinner party, it is gloriously comfortable for an evening at home

CONTINUING— DIARY OF A LADY . . .

things to put other things in, on mantelpieces and kitchen dressers. In fact, after only a few classes I have produced so many bulb bowls, vases and odd little trays and jars that there is little room on any available shelf, mantelpiece or book-case top and I again regret the fact that for some reason our house was designed without window sills. But oddly enough the pottery is all in the same jungle shades as Elaine's tweeds and I find them rather depressing.

For variety, I conceive the ambition of producing a vast-scale *hors-d'œuvre* dish to hold ten varieties in the huge quantities consumed by my family when it scents *hors d'œuvres*. My pottery teacher explains that it will have to be moulded by hand, and implies that I shall make a hash of it. As he is a slim young man who calls me "dear" and as his shirts, suits and signet ring are carefully designed to match his eyes and the pottery, I am certainly not going to let him deter me from anything. But it is true that when the dish is finished it requires much effort to lift, and its elegantly castellated edge is curiously crumbly, something having gone wrong with the glaze, so that my family is not at all enthusiastic about eating from it.

It lies about in the china cupboard for some time and occasionally I try to do some Oriental flower-arrangements in it. I also think seriously about labelling it "Mother and Child" or perhaps "Quintessential" and pre-



senting it to one of those organizations which do outdoor sculpture exhibitions in parks, but am deterred in the end by the thought that it is not big enough.

Oddly enough, although I wait hopefully for some time, none of the children break it, and in the end I have to take it out in the garden and smash it deliberately with a hammer. I get a lot of creative satisfaction out of doing that, too. And the bits will come in very useful for putting at the bottom of flower-pots for drainage—one so seldom possesses broken crocks when they are really needed.

HOWEVER, I do begin to realize that pottery is not my thing. The other pupils have got on to doing mugs with handles which can actually be drunk out of, and several of them are even doing pottery horses pawing the ground, while I am still on bulb bowl after bulb bowl. So in the end I drop the pottery classes and decide to stay at home, after all, with my feet up and some more books. After all, I have already built up a stock of bulb bowls and vases to give to Elaine and everybody else for Christmas presents, far into the future.

—Diana Gillon





Peter Clark

...for Dinner At Eight

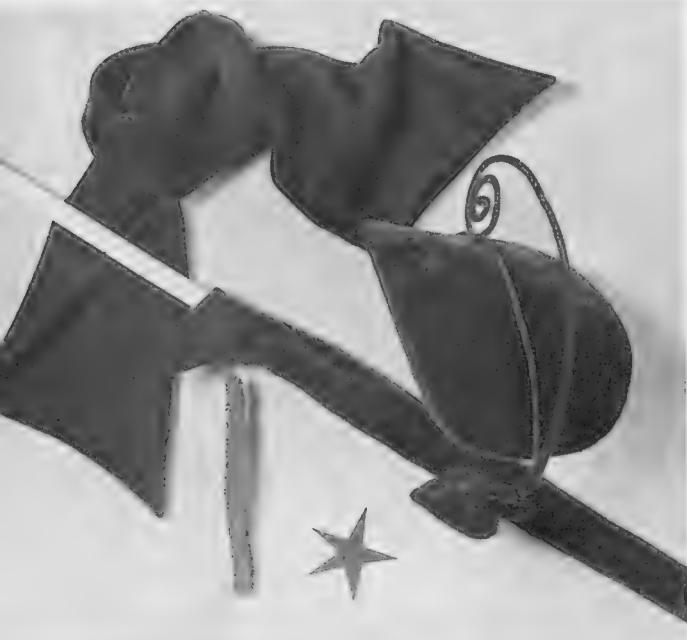
(Left) Misty blue needlepoint lace on a taffeta and net foundation makes this pretty, short dance-dress with its matching jacket. It comes from Robinson & Cleaver in Regent St., who also sell the same dress in a full-length version

(Above) This black silk georgette dress, with its beautifully draped bodice and wide vee neckline, has a black and silver sequin belt as its only ornament. It comes from Margaret Marks, of Knightsbridge



These silk jersey gloves, with sequin-trimmed cuffs, are both beautiful and inexpensive. They cost 26s. 9d., while the jet necklace, which matches them so well, is 22s. 6d. Liberty's have both in stock

Marché d'élegance



A smart trio in red velvet (other materials and designs available). The hat is 67s. 6d., the cravat 19s. 11d. and the umbrella cover 15s. 11d.

CHOICE of merchandise this week brings the craftsmanship of the past into line with the elegance of the present. Among the photographs shown here you can find things to add to the charm of the home, and the personal appearance

—JEAN CLELAND



Jewellery reflecting the new trend, bold yet delicate in design, from Harrods. The ear-rings cost £2 2s., the bracelet £5 15s. 6d.



SHOPPING LIST

A NEW WAY WITH POTTERY

An interesting show of Royal Doulton Lambeth pottery at Derry & Toms brought back a flavour of the Victorian age, when this kind of stoneware was greatly in vogue. Since those days its popularity has waned, but now, brought up to date with contemporary designs by the artist Agneta Hoy, it is coming to the fore again.

The delicate designs in the ware are carved—so Miss Hoy told me—with a little bamboo tool, similar to that used by the Chinese. The salt glazing gives a beautiful surface, and rubbing my cheek against the back of a bowl I found that it felt as silkily smooth as the skin of a nectarine.

The whole art, which includes glazing, carving, incising and decorating, calls for expert craftsmanship and results in pieces of individual beauty; a refreshing change from the mass production which is so prevalent today.

★ ★ ★

THREE are occasions on a wet, blustery day when one has the uncomfortable feeling that the hair is out of place and that the hat has been blown slightly askew. To open a handbag and take out a mirror in the street, or in a busy store, is neither easy nor suitable, yet the need for a quick glance to put things straight again is pressing. This is where the new umbrella proves a boon and a blessing.

In the gold ring at the top which forms a smart handle is inserted a small mirror. The ring is swivelled so that it can be tilted for easy "looking." An excellent and unobtrusive means of keeping tidy and dry, for the reasonable cost of 87s. 6d. It can be had from Selfridges.

★ ★ ★

IN the same store I saw two other things which will, I think, be in great demand. First, some new pinking scissors, which, the buyer told me, are the first ones to be made in Sheffield. Apparently they all used to be cut and ground in Germany and then imported.

At first I thought that the name of "Sheffield" would imply a greater expense, but I was wrong. The new scissors can be had for 15s. 11d., which is a low price for high quality.

★ ★ ★

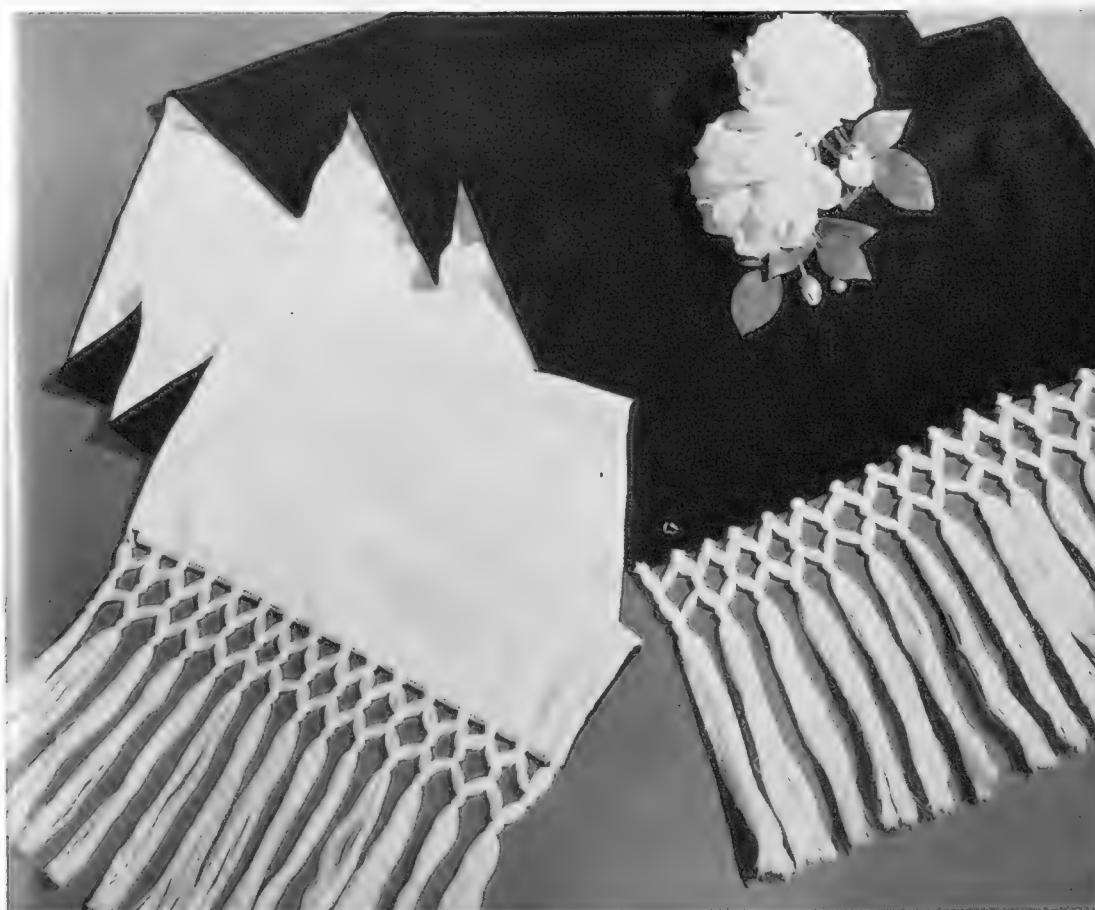
MY second find pleased me greatly, because it is something I have been wanting for a long time: a new kind of shoe toilet set for travelling; in a transparent fleur-de-lys case.

What I specially liked about it is that the shoe polish is in a tube made with a large cap. This enables you to unscrew it and squeeze out just the necessary amount of polish without getting your fingers sticky, an invaluable asset for those occasions when, all ready dressed to go out, you find, on looking yourself over, that your shoes are in need of a quick shine-up.

The sets are in two sizes: one with a duster, one brush and one tube of polish, 5s. 11d.; the other consists of a duster, two brushes and two tubes of polish (black and brown) and costs 9s. 11d.



Cut down your weekend luggage with the new toilette set, with three pockets. The middle one is for bathroom slippers, and the two outside ones for bath requisites. The case shown opened costs 45s., the quilted chintz one 59s. They are from Marshall & Snelgrove



The stole is retaining its popularity, and this black and white example, made with an eye to both charm and comfort, is ideal for these chilly autumnal nights. Price £2 14s., from Woollards

John French



For Monday's CHILDREN

AT a dinner party the other night at which six different nationalities were represented, conversation at one point was focused on the complexion of English women. This received flattering praise from the overseas visitors, who waxed enthusiastic over its fine texture and fair delicacy of colouring.

VERY gratifying, yet several of my compatriots who were present made a deprecatory little *moue*, and on the way home complained that not all English complexions were good. To which I replied, "Perhaps not, but all—yes *all*—could, if necessary, be greatly improved."

The following day I discussed this question with several experts at the leading beauty salons, and between us we decided on six ways of improving and maintaining firm contours, and a clear, radiant skin:

First, correct cleansing. By which I mean the sort of cleansing that suits the individual skin. Far too few people trouble to consider this very important matter. Having adopted one method—possibly away back in their youth—they stick to it willy-nilly, regardless of the fact that as the years advance the skin changes, and some more up-to-date treatment might suit it better. Apart from the ordinary cleansing creams, there are special ones for the extra dry skin, lotions for the oily skin, also very effective beauty grains (Helena Rubinstein) and for the sensitive skin, specially prepared baby soap (Cyclax).

★ ★ ★

NEXT, daily massage night and morning with a good skinfood (rich and nutritive for the dry skin, and a lighter variety for the oily skin).

Keeping the circulation well stimulated. This can be done in different ways. By brisk patting with skin tonic or astringent lotion each day, and by the application of an



THE LATEST WAY of carrying your face powder is to have it ready to hand in this lovely gilt compact, decorated with rhinestones and gilt flowers, and made to clip on to the wrist. Price four guineas. Matching lipstick case with mirror in lid, £3 9s. 6d. From Fenwick's

anti-brown masque (obtainable Elizabeth Arden) once or twice a week.

Refining the texture. So many people complain of an open-pored condition which spoils the look of the skin, and this calls for special treatment. First a daily thorough "shampoo." For this you need an ordinary shaving brush, or even better, you can get little brushes specially made for the purpose from most good chemists. Make a really foaming lather with any reliable brand of face soap, and then work it well in all over the face with a circular movement. Do this until the skin feels warm and glowing, then rinse off with cold water. Splash it up on to the skin with the hands, then dry, and follow with brisk patting. The idea of this brushing, cleansing and patting is to stimulate the sluggish glands and make them work.

An alternative to the "shampoo" method is to wash the skin with Helena Rubinstein's beauty grains which I have already mentioned. This is particularly effective if the skin is greasy.

Pore cream should be used at night, but if the skin is inclined to be dry, it is a good plan to apply skin-food on alternate nights.

★ ★ ★

FIRMING the contours. As the years advance, muscles are apt to grow lazy, especially round the jaw-line, and unless these are dealt with pretty firmly they show those signs of sagging which are sadly ageing. A great deal can be done to correct this, however, by means of facial exercises and what might be termed a little "rough" treatment, and since prevention is better than cure, the sooner this is done the better.

Beauty experts who specialize in this subject of "firming the contours" are quite convinced that the face can be "lifted" by regular daily treatment, and from what I have actually observed, I am sure they



are right. The famous exercise of pushing the lips forward in an "ooh," and drawing them back in a wide, square grin, has been proved to do wonders for strengthening those muscles that hold up the structure or framework of the face. It must, of course, be done regularly—not just night and morning—at any time whenever you happen to think of it. One thing is certain, it won't do any harm, and it is definitely worth trying, so if your face is looking a little "droopy," I advise you to "have a go," only do it when you are alone, otherwise you may alarm the family.

★ ★ ★

THE "rough" treatment—otherwise special massage—for tightening up flabby muscles and giving a new line to the contours is greatly advocated by American beauty experts. Place the closed fist under the chin, and then run it along the jaw, up to the ears on one side, then on the other, moving the knuckles and kneading them into the skin as you do so. If there is any suggestion of a double chin, this will help greatly to put it in its place. To hasten matters, follow the kneading by splashing the chin with cold water and patting it as briskly as possible with the back of the hand.

★ ★ ★

LIGHTENING the colour. Sometimes, especially when we are tired, the skin loses its sparkle and looks drab and discoloured. The quickest way of improving this is to treat it to a bleaching mask. This can be done at a beauty salon or at home with one of the masks specially prepared for the purpose. Such masks can be applied twice a week for a time until the colour of the skin is improved. In between times a little bleaching cream at night continues the good work, but if the skin is dry, skinfood should be used on alternate nights.

—JEAN CLELAND

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ENGAGEMENTS



Bassano

Mlle. Andrea Mulock van der Vlies Bik, daughter of Capt. P. A. Mulock van der Vlies Bik, C.V.O., Royal Netherlands Navy, and Mme. Mulock van de Vlies Bik, of Green Street, W.1, is engaged to Mr. David F. Robson, son of Mr. H. G. S. Robson, of Salisbury, S. Rhodesia, and Mrs. A. W. Cornforth, of Park Place, London, S.W.1



Fayer

Miss Joanna Jebb, only daughter of the late Col. J. H. M. Jebb, and of Mrs. Jebb, the Cottage, Barnsley, Glos, is to marry Mr. George B. Fairbairn, only son of Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Fairbairn, Wreay Syke, Carlisle, and Parkside, S.W.1



The Hon. Mary Elizabeth Jill Rodd, younger daughter of Lord and Lady Rennell of Rodd, has announced her engagement to Mr. Michael Dunne, youngest son of Cdr. T. B. Dunne, R.N. (ret'd.), and Mrs. Dunne



PEAT—ALLEN

Mr. David Stephen Peat, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. C. U. Peat, of Wycliffe Hall, Barnard Castle, Co. Durham, married, at Leatherhead Parish Church, Miss Jane Allen, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Allen, of Larchwood, Leatherhead, Surrey

THEY WERE MARRIED The TATLER'S Review



PERKS—COATES

At St. James the Great, Blakedown, Worcs, Mr. John Perks, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Perks, of Applegarth, W. Hagley, Worcs, married Miss Jane Coates, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Coates, of Newlands, Blakedown



NOBLE—ECCLES

Mr. Peter S. F. Noble, son of Sir Humphrey and Lady Noble, of Warwick Hall, Northumberland, married at the Cathedral of St. Mary and All Saints, Salisbury, S. Rhodesia, Miss Elizabeth E. Eccles, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. W. G. Eccles, of Salisbury



SMITH—ODDY

Mr. Peter Smith, only son of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Smith, of Summer End, Weybridge, Surrey, was married at St. Peter's Church, St. Albans, to Miss Jill Patricia Oddy, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Oddy, of St. Albans



JAFFRAY—MORRISON

At the Chapel of St. Mary Magdalene, Yarm, Yorks, Capt. Michael J. Jaffray, only son of Major and Mrs. H. A. Jaffray, of Darlington, married Miss Sheila A. Morrison, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Martin Morrison, of Yarm

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AN AERIAL VIEW of Uppingham's fine buildings, set among gracious lawns and gardens. They clearly reveal the development which has continued over nearly four hundred years from the time of the granting of a charter to Robert Johnson

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS

Thring Of Uppingham Opened New Vistas



The main entrance to the School which has nurtured so many famous scholars and sportsmen

modation and food for a few of the worthy poor of each town.

About 1725 these hospitals ceased to exist and the buildings were incorporated into the growing grammar schools, whose history remains similar until the middle of the nineteenth century. Both had their ups and downs, but both had some valuable exhibitions to colleges at Cambridge, the money for which had been bequeathed by the founder. The two schools gained a reputation beyond the

U PPINGHAM School was founded in 1584 by Robert Johnson, a native of Stamford and later Archdeacon of Leicester, to whom Queen Elizabeth I granted a charter to found a grammar school and a hospital in both the towns of Oakham and Uppingham in Rutland. The hospitals, which would in these days be called almshouses, provided accom-

immediate neighbourhood and the headmaster of Uppingham was able to increase his minute salary by taking boarders, but the main business of the schools was to provide education for local children.

The appointment to Uppingham in 1853 of the Rev. Edward Thring, perhaps the most famous nineteenth-century headmaster after Dr. Arnold of Rugby, changed the whole character of the school. Educated at Eton and King's College, Cambridge, he came to Uppingham with ambitious plans for its development into a great public school, and within ten years, against the most obstinate obstruction of the Governors and in the face of innumerable difficulties, achieved his aim.

I N many fields of education Thring was a pioneer. Among other innovations, Uppingham was one of the first schools to develop music as an important branch of education and its school song book antedates even that of Harrow School. After thirty-four years as headmaster, Thring died in harness in 1887, but his great work has been ably carried on by a series of distinguished successors.

For many years Uppingham had a type of football all its own, a mixture of Soccer and Rugby, but in 1889 abandoned the Uppingham game and adopted the Rugby rules. The first inter-school match was fittingly against Rugby, and the Jubilee match

between these ancient schools was celebrated in 1951. In recent years the school has entered for the Public Schools Sevens and has twice won it, in 1946 and this year, when Uppingham had one of its most successful seasons. Much of the success of Uppingham Rugby is due to A. M. Smallwood, the old England international, who coached the XV for thirty years before relinquishing the task in 1951 to D. A. Emms, the Oxford Blue.

Cricket had an early start at Uppingham. The First XI ground, a lovely site on a hill with spacious views on three sides, was first used in 1827, and since 1861 has been used for cricket alone. There have been three golden periods of Uppingham cricket, the first in the seventies at the beginning of the long reign of the first school professional, the famous and revered H. H. Stephenson, who earlier had captained the first England team to visit Australia.

T HE last years of the Stephenson period, in the nineties, saw the second successful era. Notable cricketers during those twenty years include A. P. Lucas, Stanley Christopherson, later president of the M.C.C., Gregor MacGregor, the Scottish Rugby international and England wicket-keeper, T. L. Taylor, now president of Yorkshire, G. R. Bardswell and C. E. M. Wilson.

At the end of World War One the name of Uppingham's greatest cricketer appears in the XI—A. P. F. Chapman. After a brilliant career at Cambridge, he captained England from 1926 to 1930, during which time England won and retained the Ashes. The third golden period occurred when F. W. Gilligan was in charge with Frank Edwards as coach, when Uppingham lost only one school match during the years 1931-36. Hockey, Fives and Running are other popular sporting activities at the school.

S. A. Patman



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Book Reviews [Continuing from page 620]

ECCENTRIC AUNT

SHELLEY SMITH'S THE PARTY AT NO. 5 (Collins, Crime Club, 9s. 6d.) belongs at the grimmer edge of the fiction class; it has psychological more than mystery interest. Like all work from this author, it has distinction, and throws a brilliant light on the more devious by-paths of human feeling. The moral appears to be, don't interfere with elderly relatives: if your aunt seems happy allow her to go her own way. Eccentric old Mrs. Rampage, messing around alone in her lovely house, cooking nauseous dishes and enjoying *objets d'art*, was a cause of anxiety to her niece, Cissie—who, well called Mrs. Getaway, clears out to South Africa at the wrong moment. For, before her departure, Cissie insists on installing a Mrs. Roach—such a perfect lady!—as companion and guardian to Mrs. Rampage. The domestic war which breaks out in No. 5 ends frightfully. One's sympathies, I can only say, remain with shocking old Mrs. Rampage.

★ ★ ★

THE COBWEB, by William Gibson (Secker and Warburg, 15s.), is a powerful novel, its scene set in a privately run mental clinic, whose workings we watch from the inside. The staff, rather than patients, are the protagonists: one may feel that "Physician, heal thyself!" should have been the motto at Castle House—for the Director and his colleagues are in a state of precarious nervous balance. Rivalries, animosities, intrigues and dangerous love affairs are rife; and all these are to culminate in a conflict over the ordering of new window curtains for the patients' library.

For the choice of some yards of textile involves policy. The Assistant Director's pretty, unwise wife enters the fray, so does the intelligent Meg Rinehard, and the dauntless dichard Miss Inch—oldest and oddest member of the staff. More serious is the effect on the patients, most notably the deranged young artist Stevie Holt, whose progress Meg Rinehard most had at heart.

The plot has been brilliantly built up by Mr. Gibson, who keeps each scene in play between comedy and something definitely more grim. He writes first-rate dialogue. Some of the love-interludes, and the reflections upon them, may be considered bald. Castle House, by the way, adjoins Platte City, Nebraska, U.S.A., which accounts for the fact that the curtains are called "drapes."

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

THAT fabulous character Liberace makes a discreet bow with the support of the Paul Weston Orchestra and the voice of Miss Jo Stafford.

Liberace is a pianist of considerable and forceful ability. He has a fantastic following in the U.S.A., where he is, it would seem, the complete answer to anything Dr. Kinsey may have to say on the subject of the frustrated and inhibited female of the American species. His approach to music is one of solid lustiness, but for all that his musical ability and technique is equally solid. So great is his impact on a concert audience that almost anything can happen once his fingers begin to caress the keyboard.

It is perhaps because of this that Miss Stafford sounds distinctly like a duck out of water in her part of the record. She sings a charming song "April And You," but with little charm in her voice, and "Indiscretion," from the film *Indiscretion*.

The applause for both *morceaux* must go, however, to the "wolf" Liberace in person. It is his record, without doubt. Perhaps next time we shall hear him alone. (Philips P.B. 317).

Robert Tredinnick



A STUDY IN STREAMLINING, the de Havilland Comet III, flying among the high clouds. This 58-passenger airliner has four Rolls-Royce Avon engines, and is considered to be one of the most beautiful aircraft ever built

Flying

Oliver Stewart

Pioneers Of Boscombe



WHILE test pilots and test piloting are still in the news, I want to refer once again to a subject I touched upon very briefly a fortnight ago, the work done at the Royal Air Force test station at Boscombe Down, and the part played by the Ministry of Supply in the development of new aircraft and new engines. It is a good moment to sum up the main organizational system in which all aeronautical development in this country takes place.

My views on Ministerial interference with the free activities of individuals do not change. In general, I feel that the fewer official bodies there are, and the less they do, the better for the happiness and well-being of the people of Great Britain. But I must except some of the activities of the Ministry of Supply. That Ministry behaved badly towards the Farnborough display and I think it has been responsible for our backwardness in guided missiles and in direct take-off aircraft; but it has equally been responsible for some fine achievements.

IT is a characteristic of industry born of two wars (and not only of the aircraft industry) that it moves slowly or not at all unless it has official support. New engines and new aeroplanes beg for the gracious nod of Ministerial approval before they feel happy. Nothing exists until it has its official dossier. If Leonardo da Vinci were to re-visit the earth, he would be found, first of all, on the doorstep of the Ministry of Supply asking for official approval as a project draughtsman.

Such power is not good for anybody, and it is especially bad for Ministers. Yet when we look into the working of the Ministry of Supply, through Boscombe Down, we find a refreshing liberalism.

I described, in my previous note, some of the work done at Boscombe; and I would now like to touch upon the attitude of mind exhibited at that station. It reminded me forcibly of the early days of aviation, because there was the same desperate keenness to ensure that any good new idea had its full

opportunity; the same determination not to be stamped by the big man, and not to overlook the little man; the same crushing candour about designs and developments without which real technical progress is impossible.

All this exists and thrives within the ambit of the Ministry of Supply. The technical side at Boscombe, under Mr. Handel Davies, sees all, and knows most about what the different companies which make up our aircraft industry are doing. And I feel that Air/Cdre. Wheeler's boast that they never hold up a good aeroplane on its way to the Service, or that, if they do hold it up, it is to make it a better aeroplane, is justified.

A correspondent points out I did not make clear in my previous note that Boscombe is concerned with the practical work, the actual creations, whereas the Royal Aircraft Establishment at Farnborough is concerned with basic research. The division is clear enough, but obviously there is a fringe region where the two activities merge.

NOW for something more about the Farnborough display. This year, as usual, there were the suggestions that it should be held in future every other year instead of every year. The argument is that it now takes too long to develop a new aircraft to enable a sufficiently interesting programme to be staged every twelve months. Nevertheless, Society of British Aircraft Constructor officials tell me that they decided that a display should be held next year even before this one began.

Their contention is—and it has much weight—that the display is not intended to concentrate entirely upon novelties. It is to show what the industry is doing, and consequently it is as much concerned with production aircraft and with aircraft that have been in service as with entirely new machines. The Scottish Aviation Prestwick Pioneer does not lose its popularity as an interesting item in the flying programme just because it has been shown several times before; nor is it less interesting to see the Viscount now that over 150 have been ordered by different operators than when it was an entirely new and novel type of machine.

And then there is the public side: the public has come to expect a display of British aeronautical achievements every year. The Society is almost bound to continue to show its wares unless there arises some strong reason for not doing so.

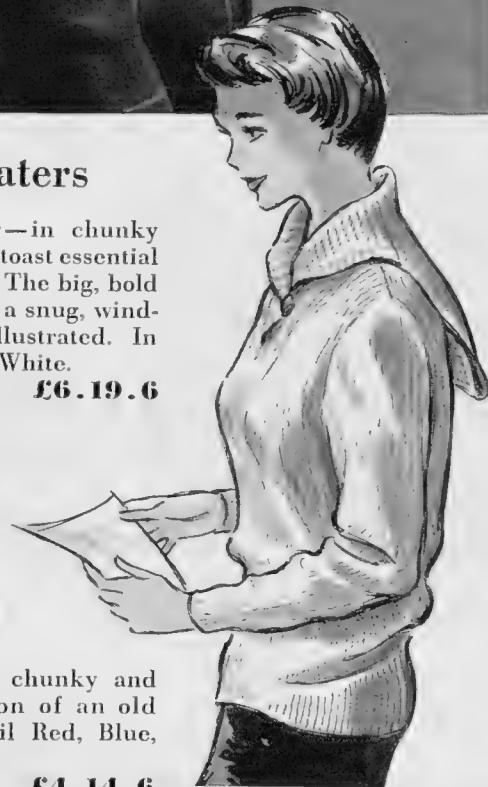


Country Sweaters

The two-way sweater—in chunky ribbed wool, a warm as toast essential for cooler days ahead. The big, bold polo collar also makes a snug, wind-cheating hood, as illustrated. In Winter Red, Navy or White.

Sizes: S.W. and W. £6.19.6

To complete a casual ensemble, tailored, wool slacks, slightly tapered in Hunting Stewart or Black Watch tartan. Waists 25, 26, 28, 30. £3.19.6



Sailor collar sweater, chunky and casual—a new version of an old favourite. In Sky, Sail Red, Blue, Hunters Green.

Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40. £4.14.6

Our fully illustrated Autumn Catalogue of sports and country clothes and shoes is now available on request

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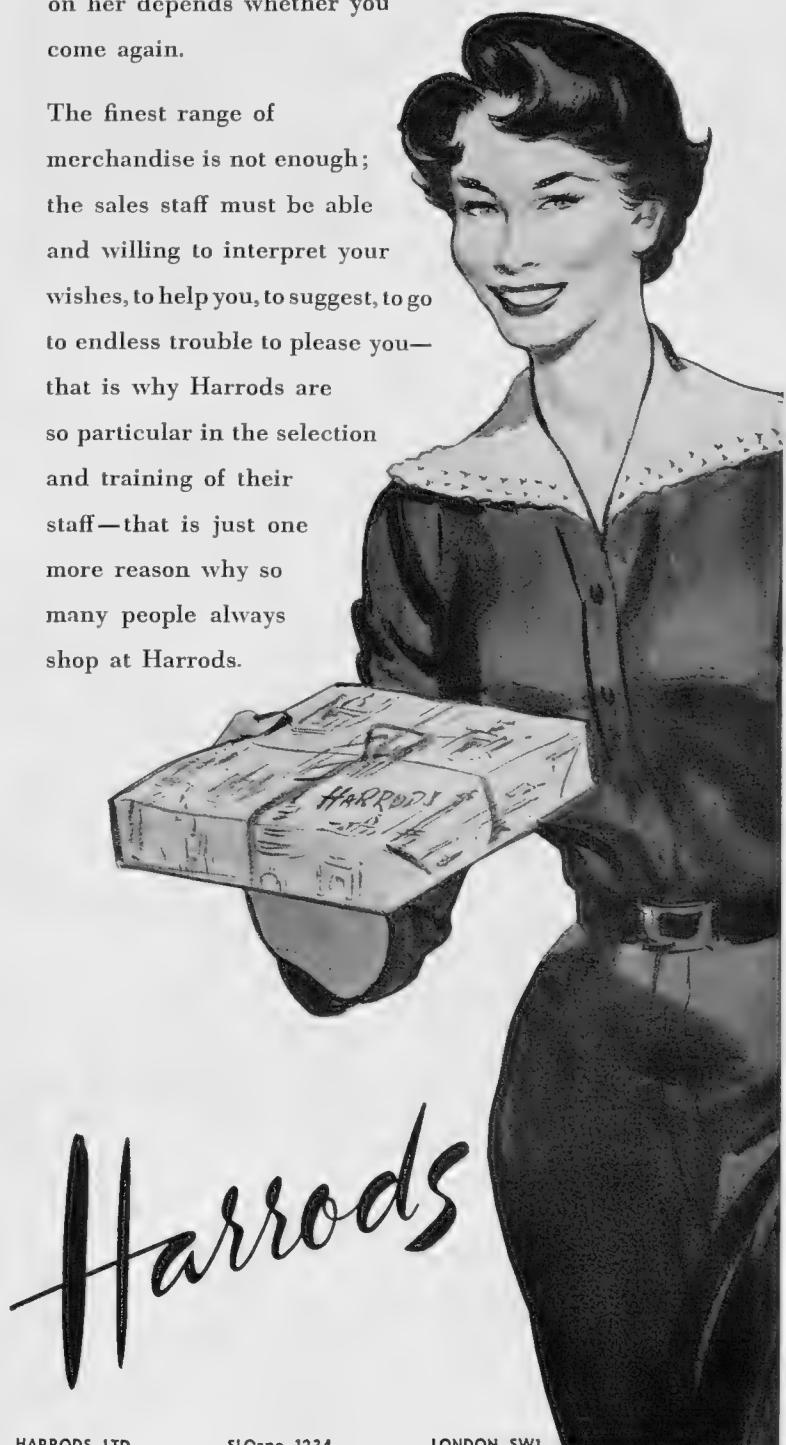
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KENT FLIERS THANKED MALTA WITH PARTY

WHILE in Malta for annual training, No. 500 (County of Kent) Squadron, R.Aux.A.F., gave a greatly appreciated cocktail party to their friends there



S/Ldr. D. M. Clause, C.O. of 500 Squadron, presenting photographs of Squadron aircraft to G/Capt. Brian Eaton, C.O. 78th Fighter Wing, R.A.A.F., from whose station the visitors operated



S/Ldr. R. Wambeek talking with F/Lt. Ellis Aries, adjutant of No. 604 (County of Middlesex) R.Aux.A.F. Squadron, and Miss Mary Beardon



Lt.-Cdr. W. Machin, of Northern Air Division, R.N.V.R., also training in Malta, Mrs. Furness-Roe, S/Ldr. W. Furness-Roe and F/O E. J. Bryant

LUNCH AND DINE

at the

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LUNCH : DINNER : SUPPER
DANCING 8.30 p.m. TO 2 a.m.
FELIX KING and his MUSIC.
DON CARLOS and his
LATIN AMERICAN RHYTHM

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LUCILLE & EDDIE ROBERTS
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A BOX OF ALLWOOD'S CUT CARNATIONS

always just right and appreciated at all times

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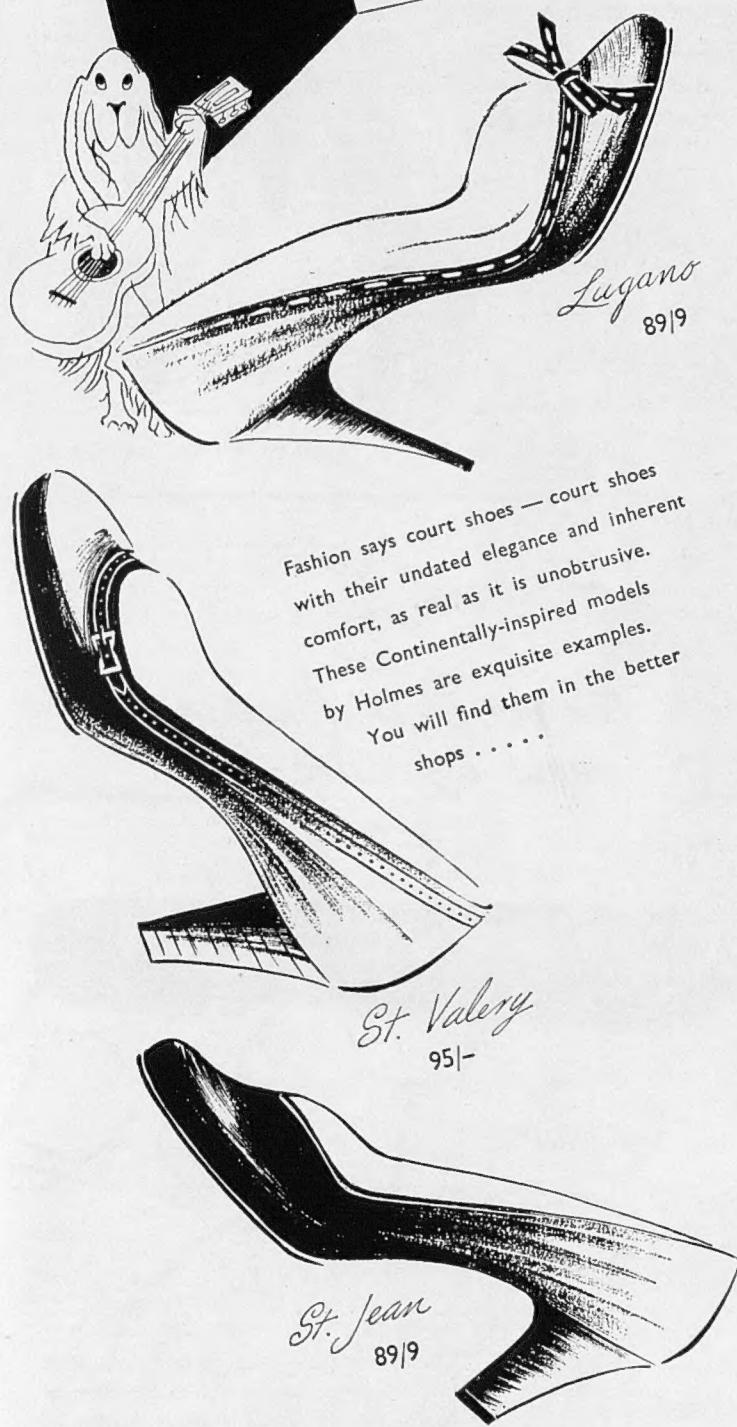


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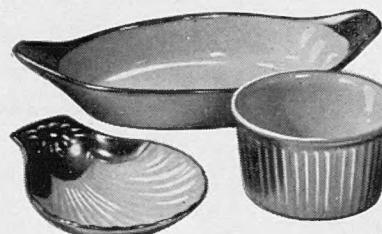
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Nothing has quite the same ability to flatter food as Royal Worcester Gold or Silver Fireproof Porcelain—and nothing surpasses its practicality. Roast, stew, poach, cook how you will—to perfection—in these elegant dishes . . . and then serve direct to the table.



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ROYAL WORCESTER gold or silver lustre FIREPROOF PORCELAIN

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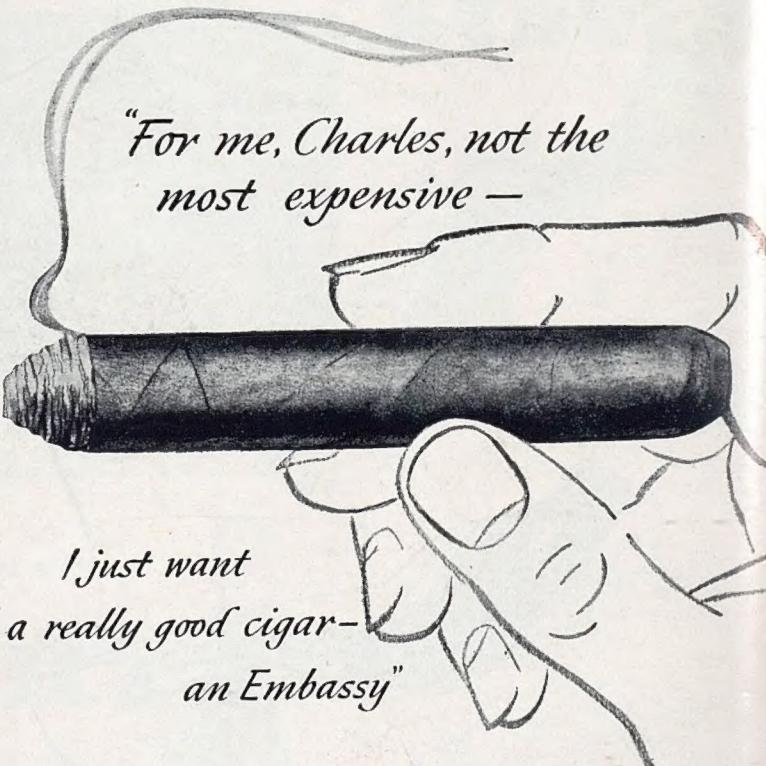


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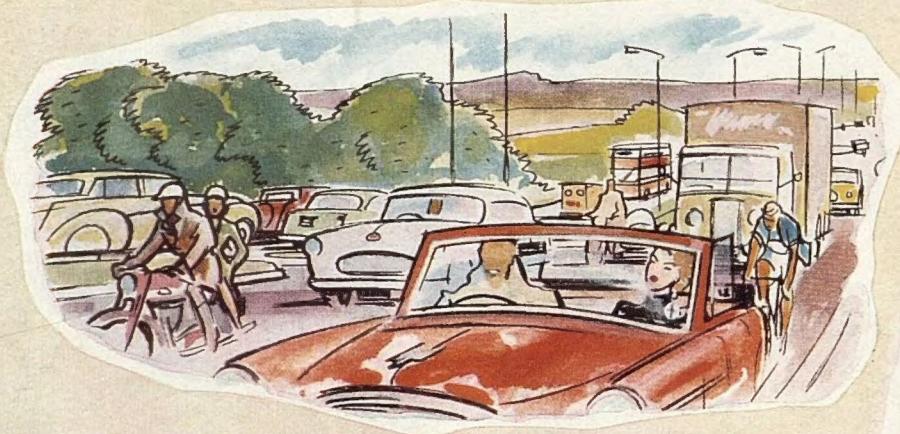
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